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## CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Idiom and Development in Schoenberg's Quartets . . . . . Peter Gradenwitz . . . . .	123
Clara Schumann's Teaching . . . . . Adelina de Lara . . . . .	143
Mendelssohn's 'Die einsame Insel' . . . . . Ernest Walker . . . . .	148
Kierkegaard and Mozart . . . . . Rev. T. H. Croxall . . . . .	151
An Interesting Music Collection . . . . . Donald R. Wakeling . . . . .	159
The Abade Antonio da Costa . . . . . Ann Livermore . . . . .	162
An Historic March . . . . . Henry George Farmer . . . . .	172
Reviews of Books . . . . .	178
Correspondence . . . . .	184

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# Music and Letters

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## THE IDIOM AND DEVELOPMENT IN SCHOENBERG'S QUARTETS

BY PETER GRADENWITZ

*A genius is a person who, seeing farther and probing deeper than other people, has a different set of ethical valuations from theirs, and has energy enough to give effect to this extra vision and its valuations in whatever manner best suits his or her specific talents.*

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

(from the Preface to 'Saint Joan'.)

ALTHOUGH it is certain that the artistic portrait of a musical master cannot be drawn without a comprehensive survey of his work and that his importance and significance can be judged only from a view of the whole of his production, the individual growth of many a composer is most evident in his achievements within a special sphere or form of music. Each of Beethoven's nine symphonies is characteristic of the composer's trends of thought or power of expression at the particular time of its creation; but the master's symphonic output occupies only a short span of time within his life and work. The very essence of his musical growth must thus be sought elsewhere—in his string quartets or, to a lesser extent, in the piano works, which however do not comprise the very last stage of his artistic development. It is in the string quartets that we can best follow his way from a society entertainer to a profound musician pondering over the problems of form and expression, and finally to the mature master creating in complete independence of the demands of public and society as well as of material and technical requirements. By comparison the chamber music or symphonies of Schubert—great music though they contain—have no important bearing on his development, while his songs are truly characteristic of it from the early, simple examples to the profoundly moving cycles of the master's last years. Or take Brahms: universal as his output is, the key to his personality and music lies in his chamber music.

Not in all periods of musical history is it possible to analyse a composer's development in this way. Though there is certainly a long way from a fugue of Bach's early Weimar years to one of the incomparable edifices in the monumental 'Art of Fugue', the idea of an individual artistic "development" would be foreign to the very conception of music at that time. In late romanticism, on the other hand, the question of where to seek the peculiarities of a composer's artistic growth is idle, for nearly all masters specialized in one way or another: Wagner and Verdi in music-drama, Bruckner and Mahler in symphony, Hugo Wolf in song, Richard Strauss first in symphonic poems and later in opera. Brahms is

the only "universal" composer of his time; but then his ideals are classicist more than romanticist from almost every point of view. At the threshold of this century Brahms is still the one and only example of a truly universal composer; but later it became one of the main characteristics of twentieth-century music that its foremost composers found the way back to universality, although it is only in the mature periods of leading modernists like Schoenberg, Bartók, Hindemith or Stravinsky that the composer's output once more covers all fields of music.

Arnold Schoenberg will certainly be viewed by future historians as the only truly "novel" composer of our times, with Stravinsky's later works almost refuting the composer's own experiments, with Hindemith advocating in theory as well as in composition the pre-modernist triad, and with Bartók's works—the only musical creations comparable in greatness and originality to Schoenberg's—not yet conveying anything like a new idea or system that could be taught or developed by others. Schoenberg has written works in all spheres of music: chamber music for strings, wind instruments, pianoforte; songs with piano and with orchestra; operas; symphonic poems and other orchestral works; the gigantic choral and orchestral 'Gurrelieder'; choruses, chamber symphonies and solo concertos with orchestra; and a number of compositions for recitation with instrumental background. But, as in the case of Beethoven—whose last quartets offer a solution to many a problem in late romanticism and even in Schoenberg's chamber works—the development of Schoenberg's style and artistic personality is best seen in his four string quartets, which are characteristic of four periods in the master's musical creation.

The music critics and the concert public are at one in being completely bewildered by the fact that the Schoenberg of the first period, who gave them that exquisitely lyrical and wonderfully expressive string sextet, 'Verklärte Nacht', the magnificent 'Gurrelieder' and the equally romantic first Quartet should have so utterly and, in their opinion, purposely betrayed his followers when he abandoned the lyricism and romanticism of those "acknowledged" works and turned to a "purely mathematical way of composition", in fact "replaced inspired composing by constructive engineering". But a repeated and unprejudiced hearing of Schoenberg's music, early and late, and a thorough study of his scores reveals that neither do the later compositions lack any of the inspiration and lyricism of the first-period works nor are there fewer engineering feats in the earlier creations. In fact—as Cecil Gray already observed twenty years ago<sup>1</sup>—the early compositions have only occasioned "that negative and obviously insincere admiration of the see-what-he-can-do-when-he-likes order which is always so profusely lavished upon the immature productions of a master by those who most detest and abominate his later work, simply because they sound more like the music to which they are accustomed". The merits of earlier works have been duly praised in the face of each new composition that made its appearance all through the careers of Beethoven, Wagner, Mahler and Strauss; and the riots that accompanied Schoenberg's artistic career from the first public Vienna performance of his songs Op. 1 in 1898(!) down to his latest compositions, have equally caused the critics to ask why the composer could not continue on the way so "successfully" paved by his former works. The now classical 'Verklärte Nacht' caused a riot when first performed in Vienna some forty years ago and was then likened by the

<sup>1</sup> 'A Survey of Contemporary Music', London, 1924, p. 165. (Mr. Gray's essay on Schoenberg, though written so long ago, is still one of the best and most conclusive analyses of the composer's early and middle-period work.)



critics to "a calf with six feet, such as is often shown at fairs"; the first string Quartet provoked ásticuffs and hisses in 1907; and the disturbances and laughter that greeted the second a year later made most of its music inaudible. By 1927 the bulk of the early works had been accepted as masterpieces by public and critics, and Schoenberg himself relates<sup>2</sup> that neither the first performance of the third Quartet in Vienna nor any of the following performances provoked any kind of riot, as the former two had done.

This might make one think that now my music was understood and I had finally succeeded in convincing the public of my mission as a composer. But it would be a great error to assume this; because when I read afterwards the criticisms, I could realize that there was now a different attitude towards my works than before. Because, while in spite of the riots, caused by a part of the public, there were always a certain number of critics who stood by my work against the opposition, now there was a certain unanimity among these judges, saying that I might possess a remarkable musical knowledge and technique, but did not create instinctively, that I wrote without inspiration. I was called a constructor, a musical engineer, a mathematician.

This was caused by the fact that I had meanwhile begun to use the *Method of composing with twelve tones*. According to the belief of the ordinary, everyday critics, use of such a method could only be attempted in a scientific way, and a scientist seemed to them opposed to the concept of an inspired composer. Actually this method of composing was a serious difficulty to every composer whose inspiration was not strong enough to overcome such impediments, which I personally did not feel.

And the composer concludes this illuminating self-analysis (written about six years ago) resignedly :

However, I was now marked again and will have to wait another twenty years until music lovers will discover that this is music like other music and differs only in so far from other music as one personality is different from another.

These outspoken comments of Schoenberg's take us straight to the roots of his music. We may note from the composer's earliest sketches for the D minor string Quartet down to the last bars of No. 4 that there is hardly a note or a motive in Schoenberg's works that cannot be thematically accounted for, that lyrical melody and intricate counterpoint are going hand in hand from the very beginning; but his romantic harmonization of the early period, which is somewhat inconsistent with the musical conception as a whole, has given way in the mature works to a homogeneous and coherent style.

This style has its technical foundations in a new and revolutionary principle of organization—the twelve semitones of the chromatic scale being regarded as equals, not as members of a tonal hierarchy,<sup>3</sup> and the invention of a motive or theme employing all the twelve notes of the chromatic scale without preference for a "keynote" or "dominant" logically precludes any harmonization in the familiar way. The listener who looks for a melody "accompanied" by more or less telling chords must needs find a succession of startling "dissonances", and an additional source of embarrassment is the composer's renunciation of all those figures of speech and tonal embellishments which added to the listener's enjoyment of the classicists' and romanticists' melodic ideas. But Schoenberg is no more to be blamed for presenting his polyphonic tissue without harmonic embellishment than a romanticist is to be reproached for accompanying his melodies with melodic fragments that have no significance as "parts" or "voices", but only make up a harmonic background. No artistic creator can possibly be taken to task for what we do *not* find in his work; he may be judged only on the strength of

<sup>2</sup> In the preface to the album containing the privately recorded discs of the third string Quartet. (The four quartets were privately recorded and sent to a number of friends in 1930.)

<sup>3</sup> The twelve-note scale has been described in turn as representative of "anarchy", of "communism" and of "democracy" by different writers.

what his work does actually contain. The listener trained to hear and appreciate the works of the classicists and romanticists is confronted with great difficulties by a purely contrapuntal work, especially as the little opportunity he is offered to study polyphony is afforded almost solely by works of the Bach period, in which harmony already obscures his view of a purely contrapuntal conception. All Schoenberg's compositions demand a horizontal and concentrated way of listening. Following the melodic lines horizontally, the hearer finds little leisure to ponder over the chords resulting from their simultaneous flow, and eager concentration will help him to appreciate and enjoy the wealth of imagination with which each theme and each motive is developed, varied and transformed.

The following analysis of Schoenberg's four string Quartets is designed not only to show the composer's own development but also to help the listener in following him in his tracks. For whoever has come to grasp the fundamental idea of the first Quartet and is able to disregard the harmonic background that has but little significance as such, will find the later works also gradually losing their cloak of mystery and presenting themselves as logical developments of the principles involved in the composition of No. 1. The intricacies of the twelve-note scale will then trouble him as little as do the modulations introduced into a classical work, and he will be able to concentrate solely on the music's inherent qualities. For, though the search for beauty should obviously and naturally be the first aim of the listener as well as the critic, little has been attempted in the case of Schoenberg's music by his friends and adversaries alike beyond an analysis of his technique of composition. But does not a great composer create music rather than technique? "What produces real music is solely and exclusively the inventive capacity, imagination and inspiration of a creative mind—if and when a creator *has something to express*": this obvious truth has always been stressed by Schoenberg himself.<sup>4</sup>

\* \* \*

What, now, is the fundamental idea underlying Schoenberg's music, and how can we trace its evolution? He has himself supplied the clue to this question:

I was always occupied with the aim to base the structure of my music consciously on a unifying idea, which produced not only all the other ideas but regulated also their accompaniment and the chords, the harmonies.<sup>5</sup>

Summarizing the importance of this unifying idea for the conception and structure of Schoenberg's work, we can do no better than quote here, in full, the conclusions drawn from the above statement by Ernest Křenek, one of the foremost exponents and apostles of a new idiom.<sup>6</sup>

Special care for creating unity within extended forms can indeed be traced in all of Schoenberg's works. Even in his early tonal compositions, he did not content himself with the elementary unity realized in key-relationships; but, upon these basic elements, he built a thematic superstructure of extraordinary compactness with regard to motive-relationships. His first string Quartet, for instance, a piece of unusual length and variety, is built on but a few basic thematic elements which appear again and again in manifold variations and combinations.

When key-consciousness vanished completely and music became *atonal*, technical unity could no longer emerge from a solid harmonic groundwork. Quite logically, the attention was focused on the motive-relationships. Whereas they had formerly been a superstructure erected above the harmonic groundwork, they now became responsible for the consistency of the whole edifice.

<sup>4</sup> The above formulation is quoted from Schoenberg's latest textbook so far, 'Models for Beginners in Composition', New York, 1943, Preface, p. 4, but the axiom recurs throughout his theoretical writings.

<sup>5</sup> From a letter to Nicolas Slonimsky concerning the origin of the twelve-note technique, published in Mr. Slonimsky's book 'Music Since 1900', New York and London, 1937, p. 574.

<sup>6</sup> From the Introduction to his 'Studies in Counterpoint, based on the Twelve-Note Technique', New York, 1940, p. vii.

Emphasis on motive-relationships of various kinds can be found in all of Schoenberg's *atonal* compositions, even before he developed the twelve-tone technique—in which the use of motive-relationships as the *Unifying Idea* for the new material is carried out with striking thoroughness.

We are not here concerned with the twelve-note technique as such<sup>7</sup> and shall now try to trace the application and evolution of the "unifying idea" in Arnold Schoenberg's four string Quartets, representative of four different periods in the composer's creative life.

\* \* \*

The string Quartet No. 1, in D minor, Op. 7 (which is not really Schoenberg's very first quartet, for it was preceded by a youthful Quartet in D major, written and performed in 1897-98) was composed in the years 1904-5 and is representative of the period comprising, roughly, the works numbered 1-9, including the 'Verklärte Nacht' Sextet, the symphonic poem 'Pelléas and Mélisande' and the first Chamber Symphony; also the 'Gurrelieder', which bear no opus number.

The D minor Quartet takes about fifty minutes to play, and its four parts—*Allegro*, *Scherzo-Trio*, *Adagio* and *Rondo*—are woven into one single movement, which develops without any break. The unusual length of the work is stated by Schoenberg<sup>8</sup> to have resulted from the influence exercised by Beethoven's C# minor Quartet, by Liszt's piano Sonata, Bruckner's and Gustav Mahler's symphonies ("we young composers believed this to be the artistic way to compose"); but the mature master does not in any way discard his early Quartet, the contrapuntal work of which he cannot but call "remarkable" himself.

The formal structure of the Quartet presents itself as follows: The work begins at once with the first statement of the main theme in the first violin, to which the cello opposes an important counterpoint, and which is accompanied by a lively figure in the viola:

Ex. 1

V.I. *mp*

Viola *mp*

Vcl. *mp*

V.II

<sup>7</sup> Among other recent discussions of the twelve-note technique we may quote: Křenek's 'Ueber neue Musik', Vienna, 1937; 'Music Here and Now', New York, 1939, and 'New Developments of the Twelve-Tone-Technique', in 'The Music Review', Vol. IV, No. 2, 1943; Richard S. Hill, 'Schoenberg's Tone-Rows and the Tonal System of the Future', in 'The Musical Quarterly', Vol. XXII, No. 1, 1936 (with copious bibliography of earlier essays); Noel Heath Taylor, 'The Schoenberg Concept', in 'Music & Letters', Vol. XX, No. 2, 1939; George Perle, 'Evolution of the Tone-Row: The Twelve-Tone Modal System', in 'The Music Review', Vol. II, No. 4, 1941. It may be added here that Schoenberg refutes the term "atonal" in favour of the more appropriate "pantonal".

<sup>8</sup> In the Preface to the first album of records (see note 2).



After a short development of the motivic material there is sounded a complete repetition of the theme ; but it is now a semitone higher, and the main theme appears in the cello while the counterpoint is being played by the two violins in octaves. Another short development is followed in turn by a third complete statement of the theme, this time in the original key; the first violin now has the main theme again, doubled by the viola, while the cello is splitting up the counterpoint into small figures and the second violin takes up the accompaniment. The importance of the thematic material could not have been stressed to a greater effect than by this impressive threefold appearance. A short transition prepares the entry of the second subject, which is presented in the shape of a *fugato* :



and a songful strain is introduced by the coda duly closing the exposition. There follows, true to the classical scheme, a working-out section, but at its climax there begins, not a recapitulation of the first part, but the second movement, the scherzo and trio :



The repetition of the scherzo takes the form of a variation and development of its contents and works up to a climax, on the top of which the main theme of the work (Ex. 1) is sounded in a form resembling its third appearance in the exposition. Its material is then dissolved and "liquidated", and after this there begins the slow movement:





with a contrasting middle section and a varied repetition of the main part. This leads, in turn, to the final rondo. Its main theme :



which is a major version of the minor subject of the *Adagio*, appears three times, and the episodes are based on material from the first movement and the scherzo respectively. The rondo has two functions: first, to replace the missing first-movement recapitulation; and second, to provide a finale to the whole work. A short epilogue concludes the Quartet.

A brief glance at the themes of the four movements instantly reveals "motive relationships" and a "unifying idea" as fundamentals of the work. Most important in the invention and formation of Schoenberg's motives are certain characteristic intervals—the fourth (Ex. 1, passages marked "a") and sixth ("b") dominating the melodic phrases of the cello counterpoint, and the augmented fourth, the tritone ("c"), being prominent in the main subject and in the harmonies resulting from its melody and the viola accompaniment. Each new theme or motive in the work is in close relation to the material stated in the ten bars of the main theme, and the variety of forms derived from it is truly amazing. The second subject of the "first movement" (Ex. 2)—to quote only the most important examples—is developed out of the figures in the last bars of the themes, with the tritone ("c") predominating, while the second violin opens with a slight variation of it in a strong rhythm (S), which proves to be the more important version and later appears to form the main subject of the scherzo (Ex. 3). For the roots of the *Adagio* (Ex. 4) and rondo (Ex. 5) themes we have only to search the first two bars of the Quartet and especially the melodic progressions of the viola phrases, and the accompaniment added to the new subject in the rondo (Ex. 5) obviously comes from the same source. The rondo-finale introduces in its course the themes from the previous movements in contrast as well as in unity; and the motive-relationships are then finally demonstrated and summarized in the slow and expressive epilogue of the work.

The structure and the thematic unity and elaboration of this quartet are a truly amazing technical feat, and "it took nearly twenty years before musicians and music lovers became able to follow its complicated style of musical expression"; but while its first critics saw in the work a "sad negation of all artistry" there can be no lover or student of art to-day who denies its composer the "inventive capacity, imagination and inspiration of a creative mind" or who does not regard it as the product of a creator who "has something to express", in fact to express so much that the listener is held in awe from beginning to end of the expansive composition.

The first string Quartet is no doubt the masterpiece of the first period; and its main characteristics can be found in most of the works written

\* Schoenberg in his Preface to the first album of records.

at the first stage of Schoenberg's creative development, especially in the large-scale instrumental compositions such as the Sextet, the symphonic poem 'Pelléas and Mélisande' and the Chamber Symphony.

A similar position is held in the second period by the second string Quartet. This period, in contrast to the formative first stage, is rather one of transition; and though the second Quartet stands at its head rather than marking its climax (as does the D minor Quartet in the first period), it is representative of all the stylistic tendencies dominating this decisive transitory period. Just as the second Quartet is opening with an F# minor movement summarizing the achievements of the first-period works and culminating in the completely new idiom of the finale (the choice of words for which—from Stefan George—"ich fühle luft von anderem planeten" may be regarded as symbolic), thus the second creative period opens with the still "tonally" conceived Quartet No. 2 and the Three Piano Pieces, Op. 11, and brings us to the novel idiom of the George poems and, finally, to the 'Pierrot lunaire'. This period comprises Opp. 10-22.

To the same period also belong the first sketches of a second Chamber Symphony (completed 1940) and some music for the oratorio 'Jacob's Ladder', of which the text only was completed, together with other poetical writings (1915). The completion of this score is, however, among the tasks the composer has set himself for the immediate future.

It is interesting to note that the period under review stretches roughly over eight years, from 1906-1914, occupying the same period of time as the first—1898-1906, and almost the same as the third—1923-1930. In the eight-year period between the first sketches of the 'Jacob's Ladder' music and the piano pieces of 1923, Schoenberg did not finish a single work, and a similar, if shorter, creative pause will be observed after the third period.

Almost all the works of the second period, to which the F# minor Quartet belongs, are compositions on a small scale: short songs, choruses or piano pieces; the cycle of fifteen short George songs, of five orchestral pieces, and of the twenty-one poems in 'Pierrot lunaire'. The only exception are the two operas, though they are in fact "small operas". This development from a large-scale and one-movement type of composition to concentrated and essay-like works is roughly contemporary with Gustav Mahler's abandonment of monumental symphonic form and grandiose orchestral colouring (with the eighth Symphony as a climax in 1907) in favour of a more intimate and lucid manner of expression ('Das Lied von der Erde', 1911; ninth Symphony, 1911); it is likewise contemporary with Richard Strauss's change from the intensely dramatic and highly-coloured symphonic poems and music-dramas (up to 'Salome' and 'Electra' in 1909) to the light-heartedness of 'Der Rosenkavalier' (1911) and the chamber-music-like instrumentation of the 'Ariadne' score (1912); while Igor Stravinsky came only a little later with his repudiation of the massed orchestra (for which 'Le Sacre du Printemps', 1913, was the last work) in favour of a more delicate and economical concept of music ('The Nightingale', 1914; 'The Soldier's Tale', 1918). The pieces and movements of the third and fourth period in Schoenberg's development are approaching in length and in structure the corresponding forms of a "classical" work; the second, transitory period is marked by experiments in form, in medium and in expression. The second Quartet stands for all of those tendencies: its four movements are short and separate movements; it adds a vocal slow movement and finale to a purely instrumental first and scherzo movement; and its expression ranges from

the emotional warmth of the opening to the detached and subdued lyricism of the concluding movement.

A formal analysis of the work yields the following picture: The first movement, *Moderato*, opens at once with the statement of the main subject (first violin), to which the second violin plays a vitally important counterpoint :

The theme is immediately repeated an octave higher, slightly varied and in another key, the viola providing the counterpoint as the second violin doubles the main subject in the lower octave. A second subject then sets in without transition in the viola :

and this theme is elaborated contrapuntally and worked up to the climax of another statement of the main subject. After this, a coda is built on the thematic material hitherto presented, with a new form of the second subject predominant :

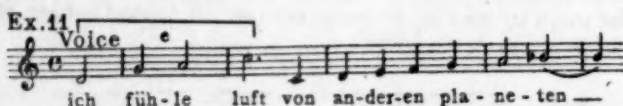
The working-out section and recapitulation are very concentrated and somewhat overlapping and the masterly movement ends in a quiet coda. The second movement is a scherzo of a somehow eccentric humour, the main subject of which :

is sounded in bar 14, after its rhythmic and melodic features have been prepared. The scherzo is repeated in varied form after a contrasting trio section. The slow movement ('Litanei', with a soprano voice added to the string quartet), takes the form of a theme with variations. This movement contains some of the most intensely expressive music Schoenberg has written, and at the same time it belongs to his greatest

masterpieces of concentrated, thoughtful and well-wrought construction. The movement is composed of a statement of the theme :



six variations and an epilogue; the beginning of each variation is designed to overlap the end of the preceding one. The voice is treated as a fifth instrument and shares in the thematic elaboration. The finale ('Entrückung', also with soprano voice) seems rather free in its design, but the contours of a sonata movement can be recognized: a short and free fantasia by way of introduction (before the entry of the vocal part), a first :



and second group of subjects and coda, a working-out section and a recapitulation and short epilogue.

The motive-relationships are as evident in this Quartet as in the earlier work. The seven-bar theme again contains all the essential elements of future motives and themes. The chromatic progressions of the second-violin counterpoint that accompanies the main subject (see Ex. 6)—it is later taken up by the viola and also forms the final cadence of the theme proper (fourth bar, marked "c")—gains importance in the shaping of the second subject (Ex. 7) and the coda motive (Ex. 8); its most characteristic feature, the ever-recurrent change between the major and minor second, dominates all parts of the work. The scherzo movement is based on a theme consisting of two contrasted parts: a strongly rhythmic jumping phrase derived from the first three bars of the first movement (Ex. 9, "b"), and a chromatic phrase summarizing the second subject of the same movement. These relations are demonstrated in the introductory part of the scherzo, after the cello has marked the characteristic rhythm of the first phrase ("b") on a single note. New shapes of the preceding motives are presented in the trio-intermezzo. The expressive theme of the third movement, the 'Litanei', consists of three contrasting parts: a melodic phrase built on the first two bars of the Quartet (compare the passages marked "a" in Ex. 6 and Ex. 10), an animatedly ascending and then relaxing second phrase derived from the scherzo theme (compare the second half of the passage marked "b", Ex. 9, and "b" in Ex. 10), and a descending elegiac third phrase ("e") rooted in the basic material of the composition. The finale takes the material for its introductory section from the motive "d" in Ex. 10; the main subject of the vocal section (Ex. 11) is rhythmically and thematically derived from phrase "e" in Ex. 10; and its second subject takes up the chromatic motives of Exs. 7 and 8. The epilogue, as in the earlier Quartet, is a poetical summary of the entire work, with the main subject predominating.



The riots caused by the first performance of the second Quartet in Vienna in 1908 "surpassed every previous and subsequent happening of this kind"<sup>10</sup>; but in the composer's opinion "these riots were justified without the hatred of my enemies, because they were a natural reaction of a conservatively educated audience to a new kind of music."<sup>11</sup> Thirty-seven years have passed since, and there can be few listeners for whom the tonal language of this Quartet means an obstruction to enjoyment. It is up to this composition, in fact, that most music-lovers and critics pretend to follow the master; they leave him as soon as the consequences of the evolution begun in the work are making themselves felt, that is as soon as complete maturity compels the composer to achieve his new ends with the new means appropriate to his task. It becomes obvious then that the F# minor Quartet marks an end as well as a beginning—and with it most works of Schoenberg's second creative period.

\* \* \*

It is in the third creative period that Schoenberg attains complete "self-realization". His discovery (it was a discovery rather than an invention) of the twelve-note series and its possibilities at last enabled him to organize the melodic, harmonic and formal "events" in a musical work without taking refuge in tonal principles foreign to his contrapuntal conception and obstructing the essentials of his music. Instead of deriving his motives and themes from basic motives characterized by their intervals and harmonic background, as in the early quartets, Schoenberg now bases each work on a series of notes that fulfils the function of "key", "theme" and "unifying idea" in one, and is as independent of harmonic tonality as were the melodic lines in the polyphonic music of the Middle Ages.

We have stressed the motive-relationships and technique of thematic derivations in the early quartets in order to show that the step from the melodic-cum-harmonic basic theme to the purely melodic twelve-note series is by no means so great as is commonly stated. The twelve-note technique is but a logical consequence of Schoenberg's principles of composition so far; only with its discovery does he achieve complete congruity, homogeneity and cohesion of style.

There is a pause of eight years between Schoenberg's last "transitory" works and his first pieces in the new idiom. Op. 22, the orchestral songs that followed 'Pierrot lunaire' (which is Op. 21), was completed in 1914; and the music to the oratorio 'Jacob's Ladder' (the text of which Schoenberg actually completed) did not progress beyond a few sketches. Op. 23 appeared in 1923: the 'Five Piano Pieces', of which, however, only No. 5 is a pure twelve-note composition. But all the following works are written in the twelve-note technique, with the exception of a few individual movements or parts handled in a somewhat freer way.

\* \* \*

As in the two preceding periods, a string Quartet, Op. 30, is again the culmination and summary of Schoenberg's achievements at this stage of his evolution: No. 3, composed in 1927. The works of this period are Opp. 23-35.

Just as the second period is followed by an unfinished composition of which Schoenberg only completed the text ('Jacob's Ladder'), the third is rounded off by Schoenberg's first large-scale but equally unfinished opera, 'Moses and Aaron', for which he likewise provided the book, but the score of which seems to have progressed farther than that of the earlier oratorio. Schoenberg stated in 1944 that only "a short third act" had still to be composed.

<sup>10</sup> Schoenberg in the Preface to the second album of records.

<sup>11</sup> *Ibid.*

In contrast with the second period, in which ten out of thirteen works are assigned to or dominated by a solo voice, all the fourteen compositions in the third period except three are chamber music, the exceptions being the opera and the two orchestral works, Opp. 31 and 34. It is in the realm of chamber music that Schoenberg is best able, in the period under review, to develop his musical trends of thought, no matter whether for a group of instruments or voices or for the many-voiced pianoforte. Only when a greater flexibility of technique and a surer mastery in the adaptation of the "unifying idea" is reached in the fourth period of Schoenberg's creation does the composer's production become more universal again: the works so far produced in this recent period comprise chamber music as well as symphonic works, solo concertos and music for voice.

In the works of the third period the problems of structure and form seem to have been overcome. Almost all the works or movements are modelled on classical patterns, especially those of the sonata form, though Schoenberg frequently changes their character. True to his principle to add new interest to each thematic repetition by way of variation, he particularly varies the recapitulation section; he hardly ever presents the themes in their original form in this part of the sonata movement, but varies, inverts or otherwise alters them—very often to such an extent that at a first hearing only the characteristic rhythm of a motive reminds us of its relationship to the original theme. The motive-relations themselves are, on the other hand, much easier to note than in the former works, as soon as the basic motive or pattern has been recognized. Comparing the third-period works with those of the second and fourth, we note a certain self-constraint in lyrical warmth, though this does not exclude the creation of such exquisitely expressive movements as the *Adagio* of Op. 30, and a lyrical vein may be noticed in almost every theme. But there is some acerbity or astringency in most of the themes in this period, however expressive they are; this may result from a certain rigidity in applying the self-imposed regulations which seem to have grown into second nature with the later works only. Yet the greater compositions of this third period—and the third string Quartet certainly belongs to these—cannot be denied inspiration "strong enough to overcome the impediments", which Schoenberg himself never felt to be such.<sup>12</sup>

The third string Quartet is in four movements. The first, *Moderato*, is written in sonata form, with a first theme:

Ex. 12

Ex. 12 V.I. f 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 V.II. f

and a second:

Ex. 13

Ex. 13 62 63 V.I. f

<sup>12</sup> See the quotation from the Preface mentioned in note 2.

a development and a recapitulation section with coda. The second, *Adagio*, takes the form of a theme with variations. The theme itself consists of two contrasting parts, one intensely expressive:

Ex. 14

and the other of a more fluttering beauty:

Ex. 15

Each of the three variations that follow is concerned with both these parts of the theme. A short coda concludes the movement. The third movement, 'Intermezzo', *Allegro moderato*, replaces a scherzo and trio; the dance-like main part:

Ex. 16

is recapitulated with variations after a slower and more lyrical middle section. The final movement, *Molto moderato*, is in rondo form with a fourfold appearance of the main subject:

Ex. 17

and two episodes, the first of which reappears between the third and the last statement of the rondo theme.

The motive-relationships may be clearly seen from the few examples given. The first movement opens with the motive appearing in Ex. 12 in the accompaniment. This phrase is alternately played by second violin and viola (in different octaves) and is four times heard alone before the main subject sets in in the first violin in the fifth bar (see Ex. 12). The phrase then forms the rhythmic background of the melody; its movement is retained throughout this part of the Quartet (its melodic line being changed from bar 13 onwards) and thus gives it a rather toccata-like character. An analysis of later themes shows that this five-note phrase has also a melodic-thematic importance. Its five notes and intervals actually form the second subject of the first movement (Ex. 13) where a new note is only added in the expressive jumps of the violin; the melodic

line of the first subject of the *Adagio* (Ex. 14); the theme of the 'Intermezzo' (Ex. 16); and the main subject of the rondo (Ex. 17). Its five notes (marked "a" to "e" in Ex. 12) are carefully avoided in the main theme proper (as given out by the first violin), which is built on the seven notes of the chromatic scale that are not contained in the toccata-motive, but imitates its descending intervals in the melodic phrases of bars 7-8 and 9-10. The twelve-note series is completed at the first beat of bar 9 (the notes being marked from "f" to "m" in Ex. 12); and it appears again, in a different order, in bars 9 to 12, the cello counterpoint being, of course, as important as the violin tune. The non-repetition of notes in a twelve-note theme and the avoidance of such intervals as may be interpreted as split-up harmonies of a common chord result from the composer's aim to create purely polyphonic music eliminating all chances of ambiguity. Looking at the slow movement from the point of view of motive-relationship and twelve-note arrangement, we first find the series horizontally complete in the viola theme (Ex. 14), while it appears in a double-chord melody in the violins. A similar arrangement may be found in the 'Intermezzo' (Ex. 16), which builds its main theme on elements of both the toccata motive and the main subject of the first movement; the complete series here appears in the leading viola as well as in the accompanying instruments (second violin and cello), while the different instruments are also complementing each other in a vertical presentation of the series. The derivation of the rondo theme (Ex. 17) from the elements of the toccata motive and the first subject of the first movement needs no further comment.

Analysing this music from the printed score only, one may almost be tempted to subscribe to the opinion of those critics who say that this is music for the eye but not for the ear. But after hearing the Quartet one is rather drawn to the other extreme of saying that "the impression of a pure and lofty, if remote, art received by the sympathetic ear is independent of any knowledge of what is going on inside the music".<sup>13</sup> This cannot, however, be regarded as a paradox, for it is true of all great music ever written that its ideas and content may profoundly impress the listener without his penetrating into the secrets of its construction. But the difference between a work of Mozart's or Haydn's or Bach's—which is no less a creation of a highly skilled musical engineer—and one of Schoenberg's is that the classical world of sound offers the listener enough beauty to absolve him from wrestling with its melodic and thematic peculiarities, whereas his least difficulty in following the polyphonic structure of a contemporary work is at once ascribed to a vague feeling that the composition must be "understood" to be enjoyed. It is a cloak of harmony and sound-colour that makes the works of the eighteenth and nineteenth-century schools acceptable to a wide class of music-lovers, most of whom certainly enjoy in them other than the essential traits; austere and pure—meaning sheer, unembellished—music, such as written to-day or, for that matter, such as speaks to us in the work of the period of Palestrina, makes them suspicious of constructive intellectualism.

Arnold Schoenberg's progress is not one from a profoundly emotional romanticist to a cold-blooded logician, but that of an artist in search not only of beauty but also of truth, and the composer has often expressed his opinion that an inspired master of his craft will be rewarded with beauty without having to strive for it. The supreme synthesis of craftsmanship and beauty is being reached by Schoenberg himself in the works of his fourth creative period.

<sup>13</sup> W. McNaught, in 'Modern Music and Musicians', London, 1937, p. 195.



The third stage in Schoenberg's creative evolution—of which the third string Quartet is representative from almost every point of view—ends with the Six Pieces for Men's Chorus, Op. 35 (1930), the first work for many years not entirely based on twelve-note rows, but containing two pieces in a freer arrangement. The composer then set to work on his opera on the Biblical subject of 'Moses and Aaron', apparently devised as a twelve-note work; the first act was finished in 1931 and the second in 1932, while the third still awaits completion. The only composition completed during the second "creative pause" in Schoenberg's artistic career is a Suite for string orchestra written in 1934, described by himself as a "tonal composition . . . an instructive example for the progress possible in the framework of tonality if one is a real musician and a master of one's craft".<sup>14</sup> This Suite bears no opus number.

The first compositions of Schoenberg's fourth period—all of them written in America—are the Concerto for violin and orchestra, Op. 36, and the string Quartet No. 4, Op. 37, both written in 1936. After this there is another short interruption: "I don't think of composing any more. In two years I have not written anything but a 'Kol Nidre' for a Yom Kippur ceremony", writes Schoenberg in March 1939.<sup>15</sup> This arrangement of the venerable Jewish melody for the most sacred holiday, the Day of Atonement, was made in 1938 and designed for speaker, chorus and small orchestra. In 1940 Schoenberg took up his second Chamber Symphony, a score which he had abandoned in 1910, and completed the work in a short time. It is only in 1943 that two new compositions were written: the 'Ode to Napoleon' (after Byron's poem) for recitation, strings and piano, and a Concerto for piano and orchestra, both of which were first performed in America in the 1944-45 season, as was the composer's latest work so far, the 'Theme and Variations', Op. 43, originally written for wind band and afterwards scored for full orchestra.

The first impression on hearing and studying these works—as far as they are at present available—is one of a new vigour and directness of writing, and of a greater vitality and "naturalness" of invention and realization. One feels that all possible impediments and imperfections of technique have been fully overcome, that in fact Schoenberg handles forms and style of his own with as much freedom and mastery as Beethoven handled sonata form in his last-period quartets or Bach the contrapuntal forms in his 'Musical Offering' and 'Art of Fugue'. It is rather difficult to determine, at this point, the reasons or elements causing this impression of a new and vigorous vitality. The structure and contrapuntal elaboration have certainly not become easier in these works; but the themes themselves seem easier of access and comprehension, and their forceful rhythmical formulation makes them ever more expressive. One has an impression that a synthesis has been achieved between the early and the later style of expression: the themes of the fourth-period works have all the impulse and verve of the early and "tonal" themes, while the motive-relations and the elaboration of the twelve-note series are as significant and concentrated as in the third-period compositions. The "unifying idea" is as strong and permeating as before, but the life of the movements and shapes that are serving the idea has become more coloured, more individual, more independent. Each movement has a highly original theme or group of themes of its own, all of them based on one fundamental tone-series, it is true, but still of a greater and more striking independence

<sup>14</sup> In a letter in possession of this writer (written 1934).

<sup>15</sup> In a letter in possession of Dr. G. Wolfsohn, Jerusalem.



This graceful beginning is then opposed by a heavily stamping waltz section, after which the melodic material of the *Ländler* proper is again taken up. A 2-2 trio-intermezzo is then interpolated, and a recapitulation and development of the *Ländler* material—with a short reminiscence of the trio motives—concludes the movement. There follows the slow movement, a most expressive *Largo*. It begins with the peculiar effect of the four string instruments playing in strict unison :



that is to say the violins and viola on their G strings and the cello in its high register. A short transitory section then leads to the more animated *Poco adagio*, 3-4, the theme of which is based on the *Largo* theme but appears with inverted intervals. The inverted melodic line is also employed for the repetition of the *Largo* section after some variations of the *Poco adagio* theme ; and this restatement (in strict unison again) is followed in turn by more variations and developments of the *Poco adagio* section. It is, by the way, a curious coincidence (or is it not a coincidence at all ?) that the *Largo* theme (Ex. 21) strangely resembles the 'Kol Nidre' in melodic and emotional content, though Schoenberg's own 'Kol Nidre' version—as stated above—was written in 1938 at the earliest, that is two years after the Quartet had been completed. The fourth and last movement, *Allegro*, is a sonata movement with some elements of rondo form ; its first subject, marked *amabile* :



is contrasted by an *agitato* theme in 6-8 rhythm, and by a number of less significant motives derived from either of them. Both themes are recapitulated before the end, in less varied a form than one expects in Schoenberg's works, and a summarizing and quiet coda, *meno mosso* and *piano*, concludes the Quartet.

The pregnancy of the themes is stressed by the rhythmically forceful accompaniment (see the beginning of the first, second and fourth movements, Exs. 18, 20, 22), and in their elaboration the polyphonic writing is loosely knit and lucid rather than compact. But the "unifying idea" in the shape of the basic twelve-note series is ever present, as the melodic analysis of the main themes in our examples shows. The notes of the basic row are shown in the main subject of the first movement (Ex. 18, violin melody, notes marked *a* to *m*), but they have also been completely stated already on the first beat of the second bar (dotted line), when the

notes a to c have appeared in the melody and the remaining notes in the three accompanying chords. In the second bar, the notes d, e, f are given out by the melody and the remaining nine (a to c, and g to m) by the accompaniment. Bar 3 has the notes g, h, i in the melody, and the remaining ones in the harmony; and bars 4, 5, 6 present the notes k, l, m in the violin tune and a to h in second violin, viola and cello. The passage quoted in Ex. 18 thus contains one single melodic statement of the basic series, which is split into four small parts, each of which is complete with three notes of the row in the melody and the remaining nine in the harmony, so that the series is repeated four times, vertically speaking. That the significance of the melodic intervals has not become smaller with the new procedure of motive-relating may be judged from the second theme (Ex. 19), in which the most prominent interval-features of the main subject are taken up as the melodic progression of the first three notes (appearing in retrograde form in Ex. 19), the descent of the notes marked h, i, k (bar 3, Ex. 18 and reappearing at the end of bar 27 in Ex. 19), or the minor-major second in notes e, f, g (bars 2 and 3, Ex. 18, varied in bar 28, Ex. 19). The beginning of the second movement presents a similar picture. The viola subject, which is the main theme, gives the basic series in two and a half bars, while at the same time the series is twice completed, vertically speaking (note the dotted lines in Ex. 20). But though the structural arrangement—melody and triple chords complementing the row—is very much like that of the first movement, the theme develops in another way and is entirely different in character and emotional content. The same is true of the *Largo* theme (Ex. 21). It will be noticed that the notes of the twelve-note series appear rather shuffled in this theme, the more so as there are no accompanying chords or counterpoints to complement it. But on closer acquaintance the subject presents itself as a transposition of the row, which is almost literally repeated one whole tone below the original. The same subject is then again transformed in the *Poco adagio* section; it there begins a fourth higher, that is to say a minor third above the original series, and the intervals are inverted and there are accompanying counterpoints to supplement the series. The fourth movement begins with a presentation of the theme very much as in the other quick movements; only the first two bars are quoted here (Ex. 22) in order to show the characteristic shape of the tune and the light-hearted rhythms accompanying it. The ease with which this marvel of formal and thematic structure seems to have been erected and the freshness of inspiration behind its creation make the fourth string Quartet rank with the greatest masterpieces for its medium.

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Arnold Schoenberg was seventy last September, and he is not yet at the end of his way. Indeed he is still the most daring and independent of musical masters, and we may look forward to any new compositions of his and also to his large musical textbook, which he has been promising us for almost twenty years now. The world at large is still rather reluctant in the appreciation of his works; and musicians are taking the line of least resistance by performing the earlier works only, if any at all. They are not even very helpful in doing that, for how is the average listener to come to terms with new music if he is not allowed any chance of hearing it? Instead of this he is repeatedly presented with the admirable and ingenious but still inconsistent early works and a frightening analysis of the difficulties to be expected in the case of later compositions. The listener—and, goodness knows, even the musician—who has so often been



warned to expect the worst of "works constructed by a mathematician" will show little enthusiasm for an acquaintance with such music at all. But it has been experienced that those listeners who approach these works without much theoretical knowledge and prejudice feel the expressiveness and lyrical verve of Schoenberg's music to a greater degree than those that are only trying to "understand". Whoever enjoys the classics without constantly analysing their technical devices should approach the great art of our contemporary in the same way; and he will be able to do this as soon as he has freed himself from the prejudices and impediments of tonal key relationships and succeeded in concentrating his attention on melodic lines.

Whether Arnold Schoenberg will figure in the musical histories of a coming period as a great stimulator and pioneer, whose work was superseded by a still greater synthesis of styles, or whether his achievements will be seen as the greatest of his age, it is too early to tell. We can only record the astounding fact that his style and the theories involved in it are only beginning to show their influence to their fullest effect now—twenty years after his first works in the new idiom. There is hardly a composer living to-day who has not passed through a stage of joining issue with Schoenberg and his music, no matter whether to the effect of acceptance or rejection. And there can hardly be a musician who is not most gratefully impressed by what this master has done for the progress of music.

### ARNOLD SCHOENBERG'S WORKS

(Divided into 4 Periods, each including a String Quartet.)

#### *Period I*

- Op. 1. 2 Songs for Baritone ('Dank', 'Abschied'), composed 1898.
- Op. 2. 4 Songs for Voice and Pianoforte ('Erwartung', 'Schenk mir deinen goldenen Kamm', 'Erhebung', 'Waldsonne'), composed 1898-1900.
- Op. 3. 6 Songs for Medium Voice and Pianoforte ('Georg von Frundsberg', 'Die Aufgeregten', 'Warnung', 'Hochzeitslied', 'Geübtes Herz', 'Freihold'), composed 1898-1900.
- Op. 4. String Sextet, 'Verklärte Nacht', composed 1899, rescored 1943.
- Op. 5. 'Pelléas und Mélisande', symphonic poem for orchestra, after Maeterlinck, composed 1902-3.
- Op. 6. 8 Songs for Voice and Pianoforte ('Traumleben', 'Alles', 'Mädchenlied', 'Verlassen', 'Ghasel', 'Am Wegrund', 'Lockung', 'Der Wanderer'), composed 1905.
- Op. 7. STRING QUARTET No. 1, D minor, composed 1904-5.
- Op. 8. 6 Songs for Voice and Orchestra ('Natur', 'Das Wappenschild', 'Sehnsucht', 'Nie ward ich, Herrin, müd', 'Voll jener Süsse', 'Wenn Vöglein klagen'), composed 1904.
- Op. 9. Chamber Symphony, E major, for 15 solo instruments, composed 1906, rescored for full orchestra 1935.  
'Gurrelieder' for solo voices, chorus and orchestra, begun 1900, completed 1911.

#### *Period II*

- Op. 10. STRING QUARTET No. 2, F# minor (with soprano solo in third and fourth movements), composed 1907-8, revised 1921.
- Op. 11. 3 Pianoforte Pieces, composed 1909.
- Op. 12. 2 Ballads for Voice and Pianoforte ('Jane Grey', 'Der verlorene Haufen'), composed 1906-7.
- Op. 13. 'Friede auf Erden' for unaccompanied chorus, composed 1907.
- Op. 14. 2 Songs for Voice and Pianoforte ('Ich darf nicht dankend', 'In diesen Wintertagen'), composed 1907.
- Op. 15. 15 Poems from 'Das Buch der hängenden Gärten' (Stefan George), for high voice and pianoforte, composed 1908.
- Op. 16. 5 Pieces for Orchestra ('Vorgefühle', 'Vergangenes', 'Farben', 'Peripetie', 'Das obligate Rezitativ'), composed 1909.
- Op. 17. 'Erwartung', monodrama, composed 1909.
- Op. 18. 'Die glückliche Hand', drama with music, composed 1910-13.

- Op. 19. 6 Little Pianoforte Pieces, composed 1911.  
 Op. 20. 'Herzgewächse' (Macterlinck) for soprano, celesta, harmonium and harp, composed 1911.  
 Op. 21. 'Pierrot lunaire', three times seven Poems after A. Giraud (German version by O. E. Hartleben), melodramas for reciting voice (speech song), pianoforte, flute, clarinet, violin and cello, composed 1912.  
 Op. 22. 4 Songs for Voice and Orchestra ('Seraphita', 'Alle, welche dich suchen', 'Mach mich zum Wächter', 'Vorgefühl'), composed 1913-14.  
 'Die Jakobsleiter' oratorio, words only completed, composition begun.  
 Chamber Symphony No. 2, begun (*see* Period IV).

*Period III*

- Op. 23. 5 Pianoforte Pieces, composed 1923.  
 Op. 24. Serenade for clarinet, bass clarinet, mandoline, guitar, violin, viola, cello and bass voice (4th movement, sonnet by Petrarch), composed 1924.  
 Op. 25. Suite for Pianoforte, composed 1925. (The first work based throughout on a single twelve-note row.)  
 Op. 26. Quintet for flute, oboe, clarinet, horn and bassoon, composed 1925.  
 Op. 27. 4 Pieces for mixed chorus, composed 1926.  
 Op. 28. 3 Satires for mixed chorus, composed 1926.  
 Op. 29. Suite for E♭ clarinet, clarinet, bass clarinet, violin, viola, cello and pianoforte, composed 1927.  
 Op. 30. STRING QUARTET No. 3, composed 1927.  
 Op. 31. Variations for Orchestra, composed 1928.  
 Op. 32. 'Von Heute auf Morgen', opera in 1 act, composed 1930.  
 Op. 33a. 'Klavierstück', composed 1929.  
 Op. 33b. 'Klavierstück', composed 1932.  
 Op. 34. 'Begleitmusik zu einer Lichtspielszene' for orchestra, composed 1930.  
 Op. 35. 6 Pieces for male chorus, composed early 1930s.  
 'Moses und Aaron', opera in 3 acts, 2 acts completed 1932.  
 'Der biblische Weg', play with music, unfinished, begun 1927.

*Period IV*

- Op. 36. Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, composed 1936.  
 Op. 37. STRING QUARTET No. 4, composed 1936.  
 Op. 38. Chamber Symphony No. 2, left unfinished 1910, completed 1940.  
 Op. 39. 'Kol Nidre', Jewish melody for the Day of Atonement, for speaker, chorus and small orchestra, composed 1938.  
 Op. 40. Suite for String Orchestra, composed 1934.  
 Op. 41. 'Ode to Napoleon' (Byron), for reciter, strings (quartet or orchestra) and pianoforte, composed 1942-43.  
 Op. 42. Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra, composed 1942-43.  
 Op. 43a. Theme and Variations for wind band, composed 1943-44.  
 Op. 43b. do. arranged for full orchestra.  
 Variations for organ.

*Arrangements*

- 2 Chorale Preludes by Bach, for full orchestra.  
 Organ Prelude and Fugue in E♭ major by Bach, for full orchestra.  
 2 Chorale Preludes by Bach, for full orchestra.  
 Pianoforte Quartet in G minor by Brahms, Op. 25, for orchestra.  
 Concerto for String Quartet and Orchestra, after Handel's Concerto grosso, Op. 6, No. 7, 1933.  
 Ballad 'Der Nöck' by Loewe, for voice and orchestra.  
 Concerto for Violoncello and Orchestra, after a Harpsichord Concerto by Georg Matthias Monn (1717-50), (?) 1932.  
 Concerto for Violoncello and Orchestra, edition of a work by Monn, 1914.

*Unfinished Works*

(*see also* Periods II and III)

- 'Totentanz der Prinzipien'.  
 'Requiem'.

*Literary Works*

- 'Harmonielehre', 1911, 3rd ed. 1922.  
 Models for Beginners in Composition: Musical Examples, Syllabus and Glossary, 1942.  
 'A Manual of Counterpoint'.

## CLARA SCHUMANN'S TEACHING<sup>1</sup>

By ADELINA DE LARA

THE interpretation of pianoforte music as taught by my great teacher, Clara Schumann, is a matter of tradition ; and tradition meant very much in those days now so far off. We were not guided merely by editions brought out, more or less responsibly, by contemporary musicians. Tradition, as we all know, is that which is handed down from father to son, or from teacher to pupils who themselves turn into teachers, and Clara Schumann may be said to have had this in direct descent from Bach and Beethoven. As for Schumann, Chopin and Mendelssohn, the one was her husband and the other two were friends close enough for her to remember what it was they wanted. She had played duets with both and had sat by their side while they played their own compositions.

It is now many years since I had the great privilege of studying with Clara Schumann ; but as life passes by and we grow older we take little account of time. My student days might have ended last year, so clearly has Clara Schumann's teaching remained in my mind. To give a small instance : on practising the Schumann Concerto for a broadcast recently, I found myself playing E $\flat$  and F $\sharp$  in a certain passage, which seemed to be obviously right. Yet I felt somehow that it was not what the composer had meant, and this worried me so much that at last I got out the score ; and sure enough it was F $\sharp$ , with a pencil mark " N.B." written above the chord in Madame Schumann's hand. I then remembered that I had frequently committed this error when she was sitting by my side, and I felt that I was still a student making the same foolish mistake. The reader may rely on the truth of my assertion that my memory—pretty good at all times—is perfectly accurate in connection with my studies, despite the fact that since those great musical years I have travelled over three quarters of the globe and experienced many things, including three wars, for I was in Africa during the Boer War. I remember as though it had all happened yesterday almost every word, gesture and mannerism of Clara Schumann, as well as of Brahms, Grieg, Dvořák and other wonderful personages with whom I associated.

The subject of my discussion is, of course, to be Schumann's music in particular, but it is important to insist that the training Clara Schumann gave her pupils laid as much stress on Bach, Beethoven, Mozart and other classical masters, and I repeat that she had the tradition of Bach and Beethoven just as truly as she had that of Schumann and his contemporaries.<sup>2</sup> There were two works in particular, Bach's Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue and Beethoven's Thirty-two Variations in C minor, the correct interpretation of which had been handed down to her direct from the composers—how exactly I do not know, but so it unquestionably was. I remember her saying that each of the C minor Variations represented an emotion—love, sorrow, joy, anger, happiness, and so on—with wonderful calm and peace at the end ; and while teaching us in those days she would say, quite positively " Beethoven wished it so ", or in the case of the Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue, " Bach wanted it thus ", " Bach willed it so ", until one felt oneself in the presence of these great spirits. How glad I am to have lived in those days and in that

<sup>1</sup> Based on a talk given, with musical illustrations, before the Society of Women Musicians, January 27th 1945.

<sup>2</sup> One link was Friedrich Griepenkerl (1782-1849), who, with Czerny, edited one of the Peters Bach editions, who knew Clara's father, Friedrich Wieck, as well as herself, and who grew up in the school of Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach.

exalted atmosphere! No one has ever given the Chromatic Fantasy the same breadth and fullness of phrasing and brought out its glorious beauties as Clara Schumann did. The nearest approach to her achievement was that made by Fanny Davies, who was not many years with Madame Schumann—not nearly as many as Leonard Borwick or myself—but who had an amazing way of grasping and absorbing her example. Fanny Davies had the genius to hand to her own pupils the great teaching she had received, and I myself owe much to her. If I may be forgiven a personal anecdote, I will briefly relate how it came about that I became a Clara Schumann pupil. It was extremely difficult to gain access to her, for she accepted very few students and was most exacting about their capabilities.

To begin with, I was taught everything I knew by my mother and father. My mother was the sister of Landon Ronald's mother, de Lara being the name of their family, which came from Holland; my father was an Englishman. From the age of six to that of thirteen I gave pianoforte recitals as a prodigy all over Great Britain and Ireland. My parents having died in the meantime, I was looked after by an elder sister, who arranged my concerts for me. My playing was brought to the notice of the management of the Birmingham Musical Festival, and it was arranged for me to give a short recital at a house in the Midland city where such musicians as Dvořák, Grieg and Richter visited, and where not long before his death Gounod had often stayed. I gave that recital and ended it with Schumann's Novelette in D major. It seems to me now, as I look back, rather strange and prophetic that I should have chosen Schumann, for at that time I played anything and everything, from an arrangement of 'The Bluebells of Scotland' to Beethoven's sonatas, and played it all very badly indeed. I could not finger the C major scale by that time, for I had become careless, neglecting my technique and having nobody to pull me up. When I had finished the Novelette a young woman with large eyes and an intelligent face rushed up to me and embraced me. It was Fanny Davies, who had recently returned to her home town from Frankfort, full of success and enthusiasm. "You *must* go to Madame Schumann", she said; and later on it was arranged that I should first study with her for at least a year and that, when she thought the time was ripe, she would ask Clara Schumann to hear me.

This happened in due course, during one of Madame Schumann's visits to London, when she played at the "Monday Pops" and with the Philharmonic Society. I was sent for to go to the palatial house at which she was staying with some of her English friends. My memory of her entering the music-room remains vivid to this day: a tall, massively built woman dressed in black, with black lace draped over her head. Her face was impressive rather than beautiful, a very serious face with large blue eyes, and she had an unexpected smile that flashed out suddenly and warmed one's heart. I remember, too, her large, well-shaped hands, which could run up a scale in tenths as those of other pianists can play in octaves. I played Bach, Scarlatti and other things to her and was rewarded with a smile and a pat on the shoulder. Not until later did I realize that this meant much more than might have been supposed, for the little pat was a favour not often bestowed and thus making one feel on the top of the world.

The audition was a success, and my good Birmingham patrons, who included the great Joseph Chamberlain, raised a large subscription which enabled me to go to Frankfort for six years, to be educated musically and otherwise. Clara Schumann was principal pianoforte professor at



the Hoch Conservatorium there, but she taught at her own house. That is to say I began my lessons not with her, but with her daughters Marie and Eugenie, who always took beginners for the first year of their studies. Some pupils, indeed, never reached Madame Schumann at all. However, after the first fortnight I was received into her own class. I say "class" because we had our lessons in groups of three, my fellow-students being Leonard Borwick and Ilona Eibenschütz (that fine pianist who retired so early). The folding-doors of the music-room were left open, so that the daughters' pupils could listen from the adjoining room. We had two of these rather public lessons each week.

We students were expected to attend the rehearsals of the Frankfort Symphony Orchestra's concerts and performances at the opera two or three times a week as part of our education and to follow the scores, many of which were lent or given by the Schumanns. Some of us were asked to play at the beautiful parties, or *Gesellschaften*, as they were called, at the Schumann house. Numerous eminent musicians who came to perform at the concerts—conductors, solo instrumentalists, singers—would be among the guests, Brahms most frequently of all, for he stayed for weeks at a time two or three times a year and would constantly walk in and out of the room while we had our lessons, particularly when we were playing Brahms! His remarks on his Handel Variations and his sitting next to Clara Schumann close to the piano at one of the parties when I was playing his Scherzo in E $\flat$  minor are things never to be forgotten by a humble student. Joachim, Piatti or Paderewski might be present at such a party, and many a time did I turn over the pages of the piano part when either Brahms and Joachim or the *Frau Doktor* and Joachim played one of the Brahms violin sonatas; and a great occasion was Brahms and Clara's playing of the Hungarian Dances as piano duets. I turned over for them, she looked extremely serious, and Brahms, having looked at her repeatedly, suddenly called out: "Warum bist du so ernsthaft, Clärchen?" He was always full of fun and jokes.

No doubt the reader would like to have some details of the method of our training. Difficult as this is to describe without demonstrations at the keyboard,<sup>3</sup> I propose to make an attempt. In a general way one of the strongest impressions Clara Schumann's teaching left on my mind is that of her intolerance of affectation and sentimentality. I am not referring to true expression, for no one felt music more keenly than she did. She told us more than once that we could never become real artists until we had loved and suffered, but she could not and would not countenance cheap sentiment. She taught us to play with truth, sincerity and love, to choose music we could love and reverence, not just music which merely displayed our technique in fast passages and allowed us to sentimentalize the slow ones. We were exhorted to be truthful to the composer's meaning, to emphasize every beauty in the composition and to see pictures as we played—"a real artist *must* have vision", she would say. If the music were to mean anything to our listeners, she told us, it must mean even more to us, and in giving pleasure to our hearers we had a great purpose to fulfil.

Apart from all this, her musical outlook was one of academic correctness. Her vigilance never relaxed in matters of tone-quality, rhythm and phrasing; in short, she treated the pianoforte as an orchestra and required her pupils to consider every minute phrase and to express it as though it were given to a separate instrument. The reason why Schumann's orchestration is so poor is probably that the pianoforte was

<sup>3</sup> During the delivery of her talk the author made a number of such demonstrations; this part of her lecture has been revised for publication.—Ed.

his orchestra. At any rate his keyboard music is extremely orchestral, and the player who concentrates on this aspect of it will most successfully achieve fullness and depth of tone.

To select examples for illustration of Clara Schumann's teaching from her husband's very numerous pianoforte works is easy enough: the difficulty is to make one's points clear in writing. I therefore propose to choose but a few of many possible instances and to restrict myself to those which can be most readily identified by the reader and described without the aid of performance. The familiar 'Études symphoniques' will serve to begin with. Here Clara Schumann was not prepared to sacrifice richness of tone to mere clarity. One sometimes hears the theme played with undue stress on the melody, but she gave it a full range of colour throughout the harmony by pressing all the keys deeply. The sixth variation is often magnificently played nowadays, but the phrasing of the dual rhythm is neglected for the sake of speed and brilliant technique. Her phrasing was so perfect that one heard the cross-rhythms quite distinctly and felt as though each hand belonged to an independent player. The same is true of the eleventh variation, which gave wonderful scope to her exquisite art of part-playing.

As for speed in music, it is a terrifying thing, a menace, and much has been lost in its interests. Clara Schumann insisted over and over again that her husband's music contained no "passage-work" whatever. "Keine Passagen", she would cry out in despair if one tried to rattle through any rapid figuration with mere empty virtuosity. To her there was meaning in everything he wrote, and in the Concerto, the piano Quartet and the piano Quintet in particular she would tolerate nothing that was done for mere brilliance and pace. "Why hurry over beautiful things", she would ask; "why not linger a little and enjoy them?" The first number of 'Kreisleriana' is a case in point. Its lovely phrases go for nothing if it is done too quickly, and here Madame Schumann, again referring to the orchestral quality of the music, told us to listen to the violas and cellos in the second subject, to dream over it and remain very calm while bringing out all the notes fully in each hand.

At the same time there are things in Schumann which are played too slowly by most pianists, as for example the 'Pierrot' in 'Carnival'. It is marked *moderato*, to prevent performers from doing it too quickly, I suppose, but it should sound bright and mischievous, not ponderous or sentimental. Madame Schumann, on teaching it to me, would give me playful little digs at each recurrence of the quaver figure. She was very particular over these portrait studies, which meant so much to her personally. (The impetuous 'Chiarina', No. 11, is of course a picture of herself as a young girl.) I remember her stopping me at one lesson, when I was playing one of the numbers. "Mind his boots", she said. "You see, he had a very heavy tread, like a ploughman; you must do it like this". Then she played it herself, incomparably but, I hope, not quite inimitably. I cannot refrain from mentioning the 'Paganini' intermezzo in the same work. She told me she had actually heard Paganini play it, or something very like it, and that it must be made to sound as though the player were tackling the special difficulties of a violin. Strict attention must be given to the phrasing, it should not be played too quickly, but may be speeded up here and there to avoid its sounding like a technical exhibition. After 'Promenade', that slow and gracious waltz preceded by a little stroll and conversation, comes the real carnival. "Here", Madame Schumann said, "you may go mad: you see people jostling one another, getting more and more excited; you may speed up and rush on to a grand climax and finale. But even so, never forget all the

wonderful phrasing and give way now and again to convey Schumann's full meaning".

If one does justice to 'Carnival' in this manner, one can never tire of playing it, any more than of the Concerto, about the performance of which Clara Schumann was rigorously exacting. She insisted that in the opening theme each finger of both hands should produce tone of absolutely equal value and that the liquid second subject should never be hurried, but played strictly in time with careful attention to the *diminuendi* in the left hand. The cadenza is too often misunderstood. Thought, not technique must be the basis of its interpretation, according to the true Schumann tradition; it should be played very calmly, pensively and peacefully, with humility and love helping one in a task that is far from easy, for to express beauty through simplicity is harder than any conceivable technical task.

In the second movement, if we tried to be at all sentimental, *Frau Doktor* would have none of it. She said it was an impassioned conversation between the orchestra and the soloist, though at times very gentle and kindly. The wonderful third subject in cross-rhythm in the finale raises another point of phrasing. It is sometimes played as though the time had changed to a 3-4 motion twice as slow as the prescribed speed, but the player should continue to think of it as going on at the original quick 3-4 pace—a very subtle and elusive difference, but there is a difference. One should be able to waltz right through the whole movement, which at that particular moment assumes the character of what the French call a *valse à deux temps*. (I refer, of course, to the waltz of the old days, when it was danced very quickly, particularly in Germany.)

In the piano Quintet Clara Schumann greatly disliked rushing, percussive and staccato passages, especially in the third movement, which loses all its poetry on being unduly hurried; and she was anxious that the polka suggestion in the left hand should be clearly emphasized all through the second subject. In the slow movement the phrases must breathe deeply—I cannot express her meaning more clearly than that. The direction *con anima* in the finale she wished to be understood as suggesting liveliness of expression rather than of pace, and she said that where three similar phrases followed each other they must all be played with a slight difference—a point which no true artist will fail to understand, needless to say.

Much the same remarks apply to Clara Schumann's requirements of the interpreter of the piano part of the Quartet; but it is worth adding that she asked for steadiness and calm in the melodic *legato* phrases at the beginning and, by way of contrast, bigness and fullness in the chords.

These details apply, broadly speaking, to the performance of all Schumann's pianoforte works or works containing keyboard parts, including the songs; indeed the songs are particularly relevant to our discussion, since a singing tone and delivery of phrase is all-important. It was this above all that Clara Schumann asked of performers of her husband's work, and among the means of attaining it was close attention to equality of tone in both hands and in all the notes of chords, which must be pressed deeply and heard distinctly, while no passage of any kind should ever be hurried. It is by following these precepts of a great artist and a great teacher that we learnt, and others may still learn, to play not only Schumann's music, but the music of other masters too, with truth, sincerity and love.

## MENDELSSOHN'S 'DIE EINSAME INSEL'

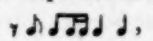
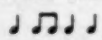
By ERNEST WALKER

IN August 1829 Mendelssohn visited the grotto known as "Fingal's Cave", in the island of Staffa off the west coast of Scotland. Some music flashed into his mind; and he jotted down in a letter, in compressed orchestral score with notes of double values, the first 10½ bars of the 'Hebrides' Overture as we have them, exact except for an E major instead of an E minor harmony for the first half of the eighth bar—a small but subtle change. Some time, however, elapsed before the work of which this was the germ came to fruition, and even then the composer hesitated about the name: 'Die einsame Insel' for the first version of December 1830 gave place to 'Fingals Höhle' and alternatively 'Die Hebriden' for the final version of June 1832. The title of "Overture" was, however, constant—perhaps the earliest instance of its use in the loose modern fashion, where the original meaning of introduction to something or other has completely vanished.

An autograph score of the unpublished 'Ouverture zur einsamen Insel' some time ago came into the possession of Miss Margaret Deneke, Honorary Fellow and Choirmaster of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford (about whose valuable collection of Mendelssohniana I wrote in the issue of 'Music & Letters' for October 1938); and by her kind permission I have had the opportunity of studying it. It is a booklet of fifty-two oblong pages, in the composer's ordinary handwriting—ordinary, that is to say, in its beautiful neatness and clarity. In the orchestral lay-out there is only one divergence from the final version: the clarinets are unaccountably written in C, and only at the return of the second subject in the recapitulation do they change to the normal A instruments.

The discrepancies between first and final versions are numerous and important: in discussing them I shall refer to the two versions as "E.I." and "H." E.I. is considerably the longer—323 bars to the 268 of H. The details are as follows:

Up to the second subject .. ..	E.I. 43 bars.	H. 46 bars.
Up to the development section .. ..	E. I. 62 bars.	H. 50 bars.
Up to the start of the recapitulation .. ..	E. I. 107 bars.	H. 84 bars.
Up to the second subject .. ..	E. I. 29 bars.	H. 22 bars.
Remainder .. ..	E. I. 82 bars.	H. 66 bars.

For the first 32 bars E.I. and H. are identical, except for a few unimportant variations—for example, the double-bass notes at the start are minims in H., crotchets in E.I. But from H. 33 to 46 the lines diverge. E.I. continues to develop the germ figure , partly in imitations between upper and lower strings, sweeping quickly on to the dominant of D major, where four bars of rather obvious brass fanfares lead *diminuendo* to the second subject. H. prefers to develop the just heard variant , in shifting colours, and its harmonies move with firmer and much more leisurely steps; the fanfare is restricted to a single bar in a more flexible rhythm, and the arpeggio of crotchets, which in E.I. is as perfunctory as the brass, is handled with much more mastery. The net result is that the transition in H. takes three more bars than in E.I., but is far terser in effect.

The second subject (H. 46-56) is only slightly different. E.I. omits the clarinet doubling; but the curiously complex yet simple-sounding



upper string parts are identical except in one bar: the oddly incongruous minim trill, complete with turn, of the penultimate bar in E.I. is abandoned in H. in favour of a dotted-crotchet-and-quaver rhythm. Another feature of this bar is more conveniently discussable later.

Except for clarifying the texture at one place (H. 67-9 omits the double-stopping on the violas), H. and E.I. are now identical till the long-held chord at H. 70: here E.I. had a plain G minor harmony, not a diminished seventh, and the divergencies become radical. These pages in E.I. are, it must be confessed, not worthy of Mendelssohn: they merely mark time, at considerable length, in conventional cadence figures. H.'s string writing, to mention no other technical detail, is far better; and the powerful climax is approached by far subtler methods.

H. 96-179: the development section. As far as 130 H. and E.I. are harmonically the same, though in E.I. the rhythmic figures for the wind are on the ♯ ♯ ♯ ♯ ♯ ♯ pattern previously very prominent, altered in

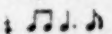
H. all through to the more lightly moving ♯ ♯ ♯ ♯ ♯ ♯. At H. 131 E.I. breaks off into a good deal more of rather laboured tossing about of the germ figure: H. has much more clarity of figuration and scoring. At H. 149 the two versions again coalesce (H.'s imitations on the germ-figure rhythm are far fresher for not having been anticipated, as in E.I., before the second subject) until 169: in nine more bars. H. builds up another finely terse climax, whereas E.I. straggles to the same ending through eighteen bars, many of them very perfunctory.

There is no new composition in the first part of H.'s recapitulation, though some redundant bars that held up the pace in E.I. are omitted in H. and there are a few alterations in scoring: H. adds the continued doubling of violins and clarinets and does not, like E.I., cut off the prominent inner flute on a quaver—a small but very audible improvement. In H. 186-7 it is difficult not to believe that there has been an inadvertent slip of the pen or printer's error—in E.I. the little fanfare for clarinets and brass is plainly marked as *pp* for the brass and a single *p* for the clarinets, H. having *p* for all the instruments. Those of us who have often winced at over-loud trumpets here will like to know that apparently Mendelssohn himself was nervous on the point. (Conductors might well take note!)

The much modified recapitulation of the second subject is at the start unchanged, except that the divided violas in H. 215-16 were flutes in E.I., which omitted the *un poco rit.* and *in tempo, animato*—possibly by mere accident, as the music certainly seems to demand both indications. For the rest there has been frequent modification of the details of the brilliant violin semiquavers, some more germ-figure imitation has been erased, and the climax has again been notably strengthened—this time by the process of summarily blue-pencilling E.I. here and there, sometimes a single bar at a stroke of the pencil, sometimes four or eight. The wonderful long-held *pp* trumpets were there from the beginning, but blending with them in E.I. were two germ figures on flutes and one on clarinet—not, as in H., a clarinet each time.

Besides all these, there are innumerable little discrepancies between H. and E.I.—a violin note an octave higher or lower, a horn note inserted or omitted, and so on. Nothing was too small for Mendelssohn's indefatigable self-criticism: the 'Italian' Symphony, we recollect, was permanently held back to be improved—where and how we may well wonder. And the comparison between E.I. and the printed H. is not the end of the whole matter of the 'Hebrides' Overture.

When I was writing analytical notes for the programmes of the

Leeds Festival of 1907, the President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford (Professor Thomas Case), allowed me the privilege of studying the autograph score of the final version, dated June 20th 1832 and signed with its composer's frequent personal motto, H. d.m. ("Hilf du mir"—God help me). This, as it passed from its composer's hands, is identical with the published version, except for one or two entirely unimportant minutiae; but there are some interesting corrections in the manuscript, presumably made after the first performance of the Overture at the Philharmonic concert on May 14th. A couple of the *fortissimo* climaxes, one just before the development section begins, the other just before the recapitulation, have been enormously strengthened by the excision of respectively six and two bars—erased with a beautifully neat trellis-work of delicate pen-strokes. (As I had not at the time seen the E.I. score, I cannot say whether or not the omitted bars were relics of the first version; but the probabilities point that way.) And in one place—H. 211-16, bars 10-15 of the recapitulated second subject on the B major clarinets—we clearly see the composer in three minds: the phrase for divided violas was originally given to the flutes (this is the E.I. version, as we have already seen), then H. 213-14, the third and fourth bars of this extract, were totally excised, so that the flutes immediately echoed the clarinets in the favourite Schubertian manner, and finally the erasures were themselves laboriously scratched out with a penknife and the phrase was given, as now, to the divided violas, with nothing in the upper tone-register but the horn-imitation on the clarinets. (Probably minds No. 2 and 3 came very close to one another: I cannot believe that four bars on end of  rhythm could have been meant—possibly there was a fleeting idea of cancelling two more of these, along with H. 213-14.)

When studying the autograph of this final version I happened to notice that the appoggiatura which gives the crowning touch of grace to the cadence of the second subject was written with fainter ink: it must therefore have been an after-thought. We may perhaps visualize the composer casting a last glance over the revised score of his masterpiece before despatching it to the publisher, and dwelling with some special pleasure on the D major melody. That unfortunate trill has been discarded long ago, and everything looks all right. Suddenly an idea strikes him: he writes, and hastily blots, that appoggiatura. And so what Sir Donald Tovey has called "quite the greatest melody Mendelssohn ever wrote" at long last attains perfection.

## KIERKEGAARD AND MOZART

BY THE REV. T. H. CROXALL

CAN a philosopher, who frankly admits he has no technical knowledge of music, have anything of value to say about music? The musician may be forgiven if, in view of the musical "howlers", which even the greatest of literary men are sometimes guilty of, he feels a little sceptical. But, at all events as regards philosophy, it must be admitted that, *per contra*, musicians who are not philosophers can go astray just as badly. Mr. W. J. Turner's essay on Kierkegaard is a case in point.<sup>1</sup> The fact is that, if a philosopher be aware of his limitations (and if he is not, he is no true philosopher), we do well to listen if he would speak of music. And in the case of the Danish philosopher Søren Kierkegaard (1813-1855), whose high position as a philosopher, psychologist and Christian teacher is universally acknowledged to-day, we shall not find (as I hope I may show) that we have listened in vain.

The essay by S. K. to which I wish to draw particular attention, is found in his first published work, 'Either/or'.<sup>2</sup> The essay is called 'The Immediate Stages of the Erotic; or the Musical-erotic'. S. K. begins, in what he calls an 'Insignificant Introduction', by remarking on the happy circumstance that, in the world of ideals, things which properly belong together do get—it might almost seem accidentally—joined together, "Axel with Valborg, Homer with the Trojan War, Raphael with Catholicism, Mozart with Don Juan". In the deepest sense this is, of course, no accident, but due to the artist's genius in making his choice of subject. Yet it must be admitted that there is an element of seeming "accident" in the fact that the artist lived when and where he did and, by that, was limited in his *field* of choice. In the case of Mozart "it is fortunate that the subject, *which is perhaps the only strictly musical subject, in the deeper sense, that life affords*, fell to—Mozart". That subject is sensuousness, which it is music's province, *par excellence*, to express. The italics in the quotation are mine, not S. K.'s, and I have introduced them into words which are, I think, pivotal. It sounds startling, at first, to say that sensuousness is perhaps the only strictly musical subject, yet if we understand sensuousness to mean "of the senses", the word having nothing derogatory in it, then we may, I think, begin to perceive its truth. The senses *feel* things; and can music do other than express its message through the feelings, and that probably more intimately than any other art? That, at any rate is S. K.'s thesis, and we must see how he works it out. It is true that the Danish word *sanselig* has to do duty for the English "sensuous" as well as "sensual", the latter being, I think, a permissible, even necessary translation, when the sensuous is brought into relationship with the erotic, as it is in the case of the opera 'Don Giovanni',<sup>3</sup> which is what S. K. is chiefly concerned with in this essay. Only we must not "see red" and think of sensuality, in the context we shall consider, as wicked. What I mean will, I think, become clearer as we proceed.

In a profound discussion of what is meant by classical, and of the perfect and inseparable union of form and content in the classical, S. K. is

<sup>1</sup> See his life of Mozart, one of the appendices.

<sup>2</sup> 'Samlede Vaerker', Vol. 1. Translated into English by D. F. and L. M. Swenson (Princeton, and Oxford University Press).

<sup>3</sup> S. K., who probably heard the work only in Danish and German, always calls it 'Don Juan', but it is important that its original Italian libretto should be remembered. The work is here always called 'Don Giovanni', but its hero Don Juan.

brought to refer to the different media used in different arts; and he makes the assertion that language is the most concrete of all media and music the most abstract. By "concrete" he explains that he means "permeated by the historical consciousness". A moment's reflexion will persuade us that language is so permeated, because it is always conditioned by the temporal and the spatial, and it is within the sphere of time and space that history necessarily moves. Even where language deals with the eternal, it can only express its meaning by the means and use of temporal and spatial metaphors. The human mind is so set in the categories of time and space that thought finds difficulty in being rid of them. Kant, of course, argued rightly that it *cannot* be rid of them. Neither therefore can language, which is the expression of thought.

It will at once appear that music is certainly not, in any essential sense, "permeated with historical consciousness". Sculpture is more permeated, architecture still more, painting yet more, and language most of all. But music stands as the most abstract. Similarly, when we turn from medium to idea, we find the same; indeed it is perhaps putting the same matter the other way about. The ideas presented in language, whether by prose or poetry, are necessarily more permeated with historical consciousness than in painting, architecture, sculpture, music. Indeed music can strictly have nothing to do with the historic, but only with the senses; hence it is "sensuous", as we have said. But the erotic too, is "of the senses". So that when, as in the case of Mozart's 'Don Giovanni', the sensuous-erotic is to be portrayed, then not only will music be found to be the best medium to express it, but, under the genius of Mozart, who chooses the theme for himself, it will be expressed superbly. Indeed, S. K.<sup>4</sup> is bold to assert that this theme *has* found its best expression for all time in Mozart's opera, and that if any subsequent composer were to try to express it again, he would but repeat what Mozart has so superbly done.<sup>5</sup>

The significance of the musical-erotic is therefore S. K.'s theme; and in order the better to expound it, he gives us a profound psychological analysis of the concept "sensuousness", which now, in view of the erotic context into which the story of Don Juan places it, I shall call "sensuality"; and that without any (for the moment) derogatory implications. The psychological aspect of the matter is of first importance if we are to understand S. K. aright. He is careful to say that he has not the necessary technical knowledge to deal with the matter from the angle of a musician (to which I would add that he certainly *has* the necessary knowledge, in a supreme degree, of the psychologist).

I know very well [he says] that I do not understand music, I willingly grant that I am a layman, I make no secret that I do not belong to the chosen people who are connoisseurs of music, that in the highest degree I am a proselyte at the gate, whom a wonderfully irresistible impulse carried hither (but no farther) from regions far away. Still it was yet possible that the little I had to say contained some single remark, which, if it met with goodwill and indulgence, might be found to contain something of truth, even if it concealed itself under a shabby coat.

Let us then give S. K. the goodwill and indulgence he asks of us. We need not boggle when he makes his pseudonym say "Mozart stands highest among the immortals through his Don Juan". After all, that might express the view of any particular person, if he feels that way. Even so profound a musical critic as E. T. A. Hoffmann spoke of 'Don Giovanni' as "the opera of operas". Without doubt the aesthetic

<sup>4</sup> It is right to say that S. K. writes this essay under a pseudonym, whom he calls A. And though he warns us against lightly attributing to himself what he makes his pseudonym say, yet I think the thoughts this essay propounds are so eternally true that we shall be doing S. K. no injustice in regarding them as his own.

<sup>5</sup> I need not say that this does not mean repeat the actual notes Mozart has written. It means that, whatever a subsequent composer might write, he could make no fuller or better representation of the theme.



—the very word of course comes from *αἴσθησις*, which means "perception by the senses"—is given one of its most superb expressions in Mozart's 'Don Giovanni'. And since S. K., at the time he wrote this essay, was specially occupied with the erotic, I do not doubt he found 'Don Giovanni' of supreme aesthetic interest to himself. If anyone wants to boggle at what may seem this extravagant view of the worth of the opera, well, "it is like a violent lovers' quarrel about nothing, and yet it has its value—for the lovers". Anyway, S. K. is not such a fool as to try to describe music in terms of something foreign to itself, as so many even important literary men do. Music is sensuousness, and it expresses this, he says, "immediately". "Immediate" is a Hegelian word used to express what is felt rather than reflected upon; that which is grasped before, and therefore without, reflexion. For reflexion "mediates", i.e. brings opposites together and makes syntheses. Music moves always in immediacy and is therefore the most suitable medium for expressing what, like sensuousness, is "immediate". Sensuous (or sensual) genius, being the most abstract idea conceivable (as S. K. rightly says), must be expressed in the most abstract medium. In what medium is this to be? In one alone—music.

It cannot be expressed in sculpture, because it is a sort of expression of inwardness in itself; nor in painting, because it cannot be expressed in defined outlines. It is a power, a storm, impatience, passion, and so on, in all their lyrical quality, yet so that it cannot exist in one moment, but in a succession of moments; for if it existed in a single moment it could be modelled or painted; the fact that it exists in a succession of moments expresses its epic character, yet it is not epic in the stricter sense, because it is not so advanced that it comes to words, it moves always in immediacy. Hence it cannot be expressed in poetry. The only medium which can express it is music. Music has indeed a moment of time in itself, but yet it does not pass away in time except in an unessential sense. The historical it cannot express in time.

Now there is an important point we must here grasp. In S. K.'s view Don Juan is, as it were, a "timeless" hero. As sensual genius he does not belong to the historic, but stands outside it. Compare Faust. Faust is a historical figure. He seduces Margaret, in time. Don Juan seduces—it does not matter how many, or when—for time and numbers (which belong to time in this case) are of no consequence. Don Juan represents seduction, not indeed in the abstract but in the concrete, and therefore he must—seduce. Leporello's "list" song expresses the fact that numbers are of no consequence and make not the slightest difference. The vast numbers Don Juan has seduced only suggest that he will never stop. The odd number 1003 (the number of Spanish ladies Don Juan has seduced) is, I think, mentioned by S. K. as suggesting perpetuity. But the real point is that Don Juan represents seduction, rather than that he has seduced so many. As Walter Legge remarks,<sup>6</sup> "Don Juan seduces women, but he does not collect them. He is not a sultan. His formula is—choice, seduction, desertion". And Da Ponte himself, the librettist of the opera, Act II, Scene I, after making Leporello ask whether it is possible to let the girls alone, makes Don Juan reply "Lasciar le donne? Pazzo. Lasciar le donne? Sai ch'ella per me son necessarie più del pan che mangio, più dell'aria che spiro?" And when Leporello then says "E avete core d'ingannarle poi tutte?", Don Juan replies "È tutto amore. Chi a una sola fedele, verso l'altre è crudele. Io, che in me sento sì esteso sentimento, vo' bene a tutte quante".

Now the origin of the Don Juan cycle of stories is obscure. All we know is that Don Juan belongs to the Middle Ages, and therefore to the period of Christianity. And it is with Christianity (so S. K. is bold to

<sup>6</sup> H. M. V. booklet on 'Don Giovanni', Vol. III, p. 18.

assert) that sensuality came into the world. Even Walter Lowrie, S. K.'s most ardent lover and translator, calls this a "risky thesis". What I think S. K. means is that in paganism nothing precisely equivalent to, or so rich as, the Christian concept *πνεῦμα* is to be found; and it is from this fact that S. K.'s thesis flows. But it emerges indirectly, by the law of contradiction as it were. "In positing one thing, one indirectly posits the thing one excludes", says S. K. This is the basis of, for example, St. Paul's doctrine that sin came into the world through the law. Now in paganism, and especially in Greek thought and practice, which is paganism at its best, the thing we call sensuality was not related to spirit (*πνεῦμα*) in the Christian sense. "Sensuality" is, in paganism, subsumed under the category *ψυχή*, not Christian *πνεῦμα*. For this reason the concept had in paganism no breach of what the Christian knows as "spirituality", and therefore it was not, as the Christian sees it "wrong". It is in fact a purely "soulish" or psychological (not spiritual) affair; and that is the real explanation why homosexuality was common among the Greeks.

With this distinction, which it is important to grasp, goes another; and this too S. K., with his deep penetration, has vividly put before us. It is that Eros, the Greek god of love, did not possess, and was never thought of as possessing, in himself, the very quality, the erotic, which he imparts to others, and which gets its name from him. Love (*ἀγάπη*), in the Christian sense, not only differs in quality from the Greek *ἔρως*, but He who impersonates it on the human plane, Jesus Christ, differs from Eros in that He does possess himself the quality He imparts; indeed possesses it supremely. Christianly regarded, it is centred in Him and can be had from and through Him alone. He is the impersonation or incarnation of this principle. But,

suppose now I imagine the sensual-erotic as a principle, as a power, as a kingdom qualified spiritually, that is to say so qualified that the Spirit excludes it; if I imagine that principle concentrated in a single individual, then I have the concept sensual-erotic genius.

It is such a sensual-erotic genius that Don Juan precisely is (and Eros is not). But if the sensual-erotic demands expression, what medium is to be used? Once again we give the same answer: music. If we are to treat the sensual-erotic in its "mediate and reflective" character, language must express it, and it becomes subject to ethical categories. Here is a new thought connected with language. Hitherto we saw language as "permeated with the historical consciousness". Now we are to see it "permeated with ethical consciousness"—if I may use a phrase which S. K. does *not* use, but which I think accurately expresses the truth he here puts before us. Let no one take this to mean, as Mr. Turner mistakenly does, that the value of language, or rather of literature (whose medium is language), is dependent on its moral tone. Rightly Mr. Turner emphatically opposes such an idea, and so would S. K. When S. K. says that language must bring sensuality under the scrutiny of ethics, he means that, since ethics deals with conduct, and Don Juan is conduct (I mean it is precisely his conduct that makes him what he is), therefore if one is to *speak* of him at all, one must use the language of ethics. Moreover language, in any case, precisely like ethics, moves in the sphere of what the philosopher calls "universals", and to *speak* of conduct (as opposed to merely *representing* it, as music does) is to bring it into relationship with the "universally" recognized standards of conduct. A case in point is afforded, in English, by one word alone, *viz.* "sensuality", which, in our English usage, implies that the concept has been subsumed under the rubric "spirit". For sensuality is usually thought of as

something bad, and even makes some good people "see red". And this is because usually it is spiritually regarded. (As I said before, the Danish *sanselig* is ambiguous; but I mention the usual English connotation of "sensual" as a good example of how language, in this case in a single word, is "subject to ethical categories".) But this is not to make the artistic value of the language of literature, whether prose or poetry, dependent on its moral tone. That is to confuse the categories "artistic" and "moral", which stand apart. In fact, the basic thought in all S. K.'s multifarious presentation of the aesthetic is precisely that it does not, in itself, take account of the "ought" of morals or ethics, even though that "ought", by constantly making itself felt, and demanding a leap into ethics, makes aesthetics constantly uneasy. (For after all a man cannot live merely by the feelings and the senses.) But it is not the "moral tone" of Don Juan's sensuality that Mozart's opera is concerned with, for, in spite of the fact that the opera's alternative title 'Il dissoluto punito' has a touch of the "moral" about it, yet the moral, the ethical, lies for the most part outside the scope of the opera. "That the sensual is the kingdom of sin is not even mentioned. Not till reflexion enters does it appear as the kingdom of sin, and the music then is silent", i.e. the opera is over.<sup>17</sup>

Now S. K. distinguishes three stages in the musical-erotic, "which, as they have this in common that they are all immediately erotic, also agree in being essentially erotic". The highest and completest of these three stages is expressed in Don Juan, for he, says S. K., is the supreme classical expression of the sensual in its immediate concreteness; not, be it noted again, in its "abstractness", for here we have a *concrete* example of sensuality, but expressed "immediately". Mozart's operas 'Figaro' and 'The Magic Flute' express less complete stages in this same idea. The first stage is suggested by Cherubino in 'Figaro'. "If I should venture to indicate by a single predicate the characteristics of Mozart's music as it concerns the page in 'Figaro', I should say, it is a love-potion". Hence S. K. defines this stage as "desire which in this stage is only present as dreaming". In Vol. II of 'Either/Or' it is defined as "desire which in this stage is only present as a presentiment, is without movement, without disquiet, only gently rocked by an unclarified inner emotion". The second stage is represented by Papageno in 'The Magic Flute'. Here desire is defined as seeking and its predicate—it discovers. (S. K. by the way, criticises this opera as a whole because it "tends towards consciousness, for which music is the wrong medium." It has, in fact, a more definitely ethical orientation than 'Don Giovanni'.)

Desire awakens, and as it always happens that one first realizes he has dreamed, in the moment of awaking, so likewise here, the dream is over. The impulse with which desire awakens, this trembling, separates the desire and its object, and affords desire an object. This is a dialectical qualification which must be kept sharply in mind, only when the object exists does the desire exist; desire and its object are twins, neither of which is born a fraction before the other.

S. K. puts down the characterization of Mozart's music, where it has to do with Papageno, as "cheerfully chirping, vigorous, sentimental". This character consists with Papageno's chime of bells, which is "the musical expression for his activity: it is charming, tempting, alluring, like the playing of the man who caused the fish to pause and listen". The third stage is indicated by the opera 'Don Giovanni'. Desire is here expressed simply as—desiring. Desiring what? An object for its desire?

<sup>17</sup> It should be remembered, however, that S. K. can have known 'Don Giovanni' only as it was invariably given in his time, without the final sextet (for he does not appear to have studied the score); and the characters there do begin to moralize. Still, although the music does not end with Don Juan's death, the *best of it* is over; also, while the sextet moralizes, it restores the tone of comedy and keeps the opera from closing with the ethical idea of retribution following on sin.

But Don Juan has that, has had it and will have it in infinite numbers, though the numbers, as we have seen, are of no moment in themselves. The "significant" is that Don Juan expresses seduction, concretely indeed, but "immediately". So, in considering sensual genius "under the rubric seduction", S. K. says that a poet might make "an epic of the manifold" by recounting the various seductions by Don Juan (this, by the way, is what Byron, for example, does). But he need never finish! And he would never convey what Mozart does in his music—seduction in the immediate concrete. For language is the wrong medium for this.

In order further to emphasize this point, S. K. goes on to compare other (but linguistic) representations of Don Juan, e.g. Molière's and Byron's. He points out that "as soon as Don Juan acquires speech, everything is altered. The reflection which motivates the speech reflects him out of the obscurity wherein he is only musically audible." Don Juan is interpreted as an individual, and as such comes under the category "the interesting". The opposition he encounters is what interests us, and the method he uses in his seductions. Neither of these interesting things matter in the musical representation of seduction. It is

'the lower natures who have no idea of infinity, and get no infinity'; the dabblers who imagined themselves to be Don Juans because they pinched the cheek of a peasant girl, flung their arms round a waitress, or made a maiden blush. They naturally understand neither the idea nor Mozart, nor do they know how to produce a Don Juan, other than a ridiculous deformity.

The "interesting" appeals to them. Byron and Molière are of course above these "dabblers", but their linguistic presentation of Don Juan must perforce make him interesting—if you like, immoral. That would be tragic if both authors did not give the matter a comic turn, and so save tragedy.

S. K. also mentions that Don Juan had been represented in the ballet, and it might seem at first sight as though this could represent him better, or more truly, than language. Yet the representation of what is essential to Don Juan is

restricted to the last scene, where the passion of Don Juan might easily become visible in the pantomimic display of muscle. Here again the result is that Don Juan is not presented in his essential passion, but only in the accidental, and thus playbills for such a performance always contain more than the play itself: they tell for instance that it is *Don Juan*, *Don Juan the Seducer*, while the ballet at most can only represent the pangs of despair, whose expression, since it can only be in pantomime, he can have in common with many other despairing individuals. The essential in Don Juan cannot be brought out in the ballet, and everyone feels instinctively how ridiculous it would be to see him beguile a girl by his dancing steps and ingenious gestures. Don Juan is in a category by himself, and so cannot become visible, nor reveal himself through physical form and its movements, or in plastic harmony.

It takes, then, an "ideally" disposed mind to appreciate the "ideal"<sup>a</sup> which Don Juan presents, and adequately presents only through music. How foolish, then, to speak of the opera, if anybody does, as immoral, because its theme and mood are what they are. "Immoral" is a category which is the concern of ethics. Sensual genius musically expressed as seduction is a matter of aesthetics, and has nothing to do with ethics. This foolishness

only originates with people who do not understand interpreting an opera in its totality, but who only grasp at its details. The definitive endeavour in the opera is highly moral, and the impression it produces absolutely salutary, because everything is big, everything has genuine unaffected pathos, the passion of pleasure not less than the passion of seriousness, the passion of enjoyment not less than the passion of anger.

Seeking to emphasize this "totality", S. K. pauses at length to consider "the inner musical structure of the opera", wisely taking care first

<sup>a</sup> I am of course using the words "idea" and "ideal" in the Platonic sense.



to say (for S. K. is no fool) : " I ought to guard against giving the impression that the music can be understood except through the music ". He distinguishes between drama and opera. In the former the category which is most important is " the interesting " (as we have just seen in the case of Byron's epic poem and Molière's play ' Don Juan '). Drama must not suffer from an excess of the lyrical, and this it will do if the " mood " predominates at the expense of action and situation. (Shelley's ' Prometheus Unbound ' has always seemed to me to suffer from this fault. Its lyricism is of course quite exceptionally exquisite ; as drama it is a complete failure). Drama needs movement to sustain the " interesting ". It must not lag in action. (How little movement and how much lagging there is in ' Prometheus Unbound ' !). By contrast to drama, S. K. shows that on the contrary opera must, in the first place, present a " mood ", and this outstanding " mood " the music must convey. The lyrical therefore must predominate. In a splendid section on the function of the overture in opera S. K. shows that its function and fitness is just to express (as a sort of key-note) the mood. Minor composers, he says, (we must remember when S. K. lived, and of whom therefore he must have been thinking) let their overtures be but a stringing together of parts, or suggestions of parts, of the oncoming opera, with no pervading " mood " emerging from the conjunction. Not so in the case of Mozart's ' Don Giovanni '. The aim of the overture is the evocation of the mood the composer requires.

Mozart favours [writes Legge<sup>9</sup>] an orchestral piece independent of the music of the opera, designed to put the audience in the mood and spirit of what was to come. Occasionally he allowed himself the luxury of a reference to the music of the opera . . . The opening *Andante* of the ' Don Giovanni ' overture . . . is based on material from the scene in which the statue of the Commandatore enters to the supper to which Don Giovanni has invited it.

Could any musical quotation (if quotation there is to be) be better chosen to set the " mood " ? Don Juan is the impersonated expression of this mood, this " totality " ; it is the sensual. He is the " common denominator " of the opera. " The other persons in the play are not essential persons, but passions," says S. K. Moreover, with the exception of the Commandant (and he is " wisely planned so that to a certain extent he lies outside of, or circumscribes, the piece " ; he is " the powerful purpose and the bold consequence between which Don Juan's immediacy lies ") everyone stands in a kind of erotic relationship to Don Juan. The Commandant cannot, for " the Commandant is consciousness." (It will be recalled that the Commandant only appears in two roles, first as the officer interrupting Don Juan as he pursues Donna Anna, secondly as the statue—a sort of ghost appearance—in the role of judge. The first represents, I suppose, " powerful purpose ", the second " bold consequence ").

Since the mood is the thing of prime importance, an opera can lag in its movement in a way that drama cannot. When Walford Davies spoke so depreciatingly of opera, as being one of the greatest of perpetrated frauds (opera was his *bête noire*), did he give full weight, in his boredom at the lagging, to its deeper expression of mood ? Whether opera has sometimes allowed itself too great a licence to lag is a question. Wagner often takes a *very* long time ! The great problem, I imagine, of actors in and producers of opera must be not to let the inevitable lagging be too apparent. But if the lagging can be justified (and it must be justified if opera itself is to be justified) it can only be justified on lyrical grounds, as S. K., with his keen penetration, sees. That it is justified, so far as it

<sup>9</sup> Op. cit., Vol. I, p. 12.

enters into the opera 'Don Giovanni', S. K. seeks to show more closely by reference to (i) the banquet scene (ii) the so-called "champagne aria".

Of Don Juan's solo at the opening of the second finale S. K. says "this may indeed be regarded as a lyric moment, and the feast's intoxicating cordials, the foaming wine, the festal strains of distant music—everything combines to intensify Don Juan's mood". But,

there is more in the situation than a mere lyric moment . . . Don Juan is keyed up to life's highest tension. . . . It is at the highest point of life's see-saw that he even now, for lack of lusty passion, excites every lust of life in his own breast. If Don Juan were a drama, then this inner unrest in the situation would need to be made as brief as possible. On the other hand, it is right that the situation here should be prolonged, glorified by every possible exuberance, which only sounds the wilder because for the spectators it reverberates from the abyss over which Don Juan is hovering.

In Don Juan's aria "Finch' han del vino", Act I, No. II (called "champagne aria" in Germany because champagne is mentioned in the German translation, though it is only *vino* in the original) things are different. There is no dramatic situation, but all the more lyric effusion. The wine has gone to all the girls' heads at the ball, and Don Juan sees his chance with them.

This short and simple aria, [says Legge<sup>19</sup>] with its lively dance-like tune, rushing onwards like the whirlwind, is the wholly appropriate form for expressing the excitement of one who abandons himself with utter recklessness to sexual delights.

A grand aria "would have been totally out of place".

This aria [says S. K.] does not stand in an accidental relationship to Don Juan. His life is like this, effervescent as champagne. Here rightly appears what we have said, that the essence of Don Juan is music.

I will say no more. I believe S. K. is absolutely right in his psychological analysis, in his assessment of what Don Juan expresses in himself, and in his apprizement, on that basis, of the value, the mood and the significance of Mozart's music. The quotations I have given from Legge show how a music critic of repute hits upon the same sort of idea as S. K., approaching the subject, as Legge does, from the standpoint of a musician.

But, of course, many will ask, and musicians especially, Did Mozart realize all that S. K. says, and did he have any notion of the deep psychological significance which S. K. sees in Don Juan? The answer is (I expect) No. He wrote what he did, and expressed therein precisely the right thing (which the philosopher is able to unfold to us) because he was a genius. We need not therefore boggle if S. K. tells us that he thinks Mozart was outstandingly happy in his combinations with Don Juan, just as Axel was with Valborg, Homer with the Trojan War and Raphael with Catholicism.

<sup>19</sup> Op. cit., Vol. II, p. 10.

## AN INTERESTING MUSIC COLLECTION

BY DONALD R. WAKELING

FRANCK THOMAS ARNOLD (1861-1940) was educated at Rugby and Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1886 he was appointed lecturer in German Language and Literature at the University College of South Wales and Monmouth, a post he held for forty years. All his life he took a deep interest in music and was an enthusiastic amateur of the violoncello. The world has every reason to be grateful that Arnold's official duties at Cardiff left him with sufficient leisure to indulge his hobby which led him to explore minutely the subject of writing and playing from a thorough-bass. Besides contributing from time to time to many musical journals—'Bach-Jahrbuch', 'Proceedings of the Musical Association', 'Musical Times', 'Music & Letters', 'Zeitschrift für Musikwissenschaft'—he supplied the article on Thorough-bass for Grove's 'Dictionary of Music and Musicians'. Years of research culminated in his writing a monumental treatise on thorough-bass which is recognized to-day as the standard authority. Ernest Newman, in 'The Sunday Times' of July 2nd 1944, paid a glowing and well-deserved tribute to Arnold when he described his 'Art of Accompaniment from a Thorough-Bass'<sup>1</sup> as "the greatest work of musicography ever produced in this country." This great book is a lasting monument of patient and exhaustive scholarship.

Arnold in his search for a full knowledge of his subject was not content with drawing upon the resources of the libraries of Europe, but he also bought for himself all available literature and music from which he could absorb and note at leisure anything relating to thorough-bass. As a result of these activities, spread over a number of years, he gradually built up an important and valuable collection of music and literature of music. The theoretical works, especially those on harmony and thorough-bass, range from Zarlino's 'Le istituzioni harmoniche', 1562, to Albrechtsberger's 'Kurzgefasste Methode den Generalbass zu erlernen', 2nd ed., 1837, and include most of the recognized authorities. His other acquisitions form a remarkable collection of eighteenth-century instrumental music. Both sections contain works of great importance and rarity, indeed some editions and issues are unique.

It is not intended here to describe the collection fully for, in addition to a printed list appearing in the 'Cambridge University Reporter' for February 6th 1945, a manuscript catalogue has been made containing the titles of the works, together with some notes pointing out the essential differences in some of the editions and issues, and answering (and no doubt raising) some curious bibliographical questions.

Perhaps one should single out Praetorius, 'Syntagma musicum' as one of the "show pieces". Complete copies of this work are very rare, and this copy is complete except for the title-page to Volume I. The curious "puzzle" date (1614) is given twice on the general title-page.

Mersenne, 'Harmonie universelle', is here to exasperate the bibliographer with its erratic and faulty pagination and its ever-changing order of the various sections. I have yet to see two copies bound in the same order, and indeed it must be one of the most tiresome of books to collate. What is said to be the best collation is to be found in the 'Hirsch Music Library Catalogue', Vol. I.

<sup>1</sup> Oxford University Press, 1931.

Many works on theory by Keller, Kirnberger, Marpurg and Mattheson, including the latter's 'Grosse' and 'Kleine General-Bass-Schule' and his 'Grundlage einer Ehren-Pforte', are to be found, as is the work 'Kurzgefasste Generalbass-Schule' (1818), which, for a time, was ascribed to Mozart. We find Simpson, 'The Division-violist', and a reprint of the second edition, 'Chelys, minuritionum artificio exornata'. The second edition was published in 1665; a further supply being needed, it was reprinted in 1667 and the date M.DC.LXV altered (very crudely) to M.DC. LXVII.

There is a copy of the undated (and seemingly undatable) edition of Werckmeister's 'Die nothwendigsten Anmerckungen und Regeln wie der Bassus Continuuus, oder General-Bass wol könne tractiret werden . . .', about which the authorities agree to differ.

As one of the first musicians to give rules for playing from a figured bass, the name of Agazzari might be expected to appear in the list, but although Books 1-3 of his 'Cantiones sacrae' are here, Book 4, in which Agazzari's rules are to be found, is unfortunately missing.

To touch very briefly on the music: besides a considerable number of the editions of Corelli, which include the first Rome (1700) edition of Op. 5 and the Walsh reprint of this edition, we find, to mention but a few of the more important and rare sets of eighteenth-century instrumental music, sonatas, concerti, &c. of Purcell, Mascitti, Albinoni, Vivaldi, Geminiani, Handel, Senaillé, Tartini, Le Clair and Nardini. In addition to the concertos and the many trio sonatas for a variety of instruments, there are sonatas for the harpsichord, and solos for the flute, the violin and the violoncello with, naturally enough, a thorough-bass for the harpsichord or bass violin.

There is a fine set of the rare first edition of Le Clair's 'Premier (-Quatrième) Livre de Sonates a violon seul',<sup>2</sup> as well as a complete set of the five books of Senaillé's violin sonatas published by Foucault & Boivin, Paris, 1710-27. A complete set of the latter is very scarce; only two others are known, one at Brussels and one in the Paul Hirsch Library at Cambridge. Arnold's copy belonged once to J. B. Cartier (1765-1841), whose signature is to be found on p. 1 of each book. Of several early Handel editions one is of special interest to the bibliographer, 'Solos for a German flute, hoboy or violin with a thorough bass for the harpsichord or bass violin, Pts. 1-2'.<sup>3</sup> On the title-page of part 1 is given the publisher's number 387 and on the title-page of part 2 the number 391, which is corrected on the first music-plate to 388. This is one of the very rare examples of a Walsh music-plate to be numbered.

A special rarity is Burney's 'Six sonatas for two violins, with a bass for the violoncello or harpsichord . . . Op. 1. Fo, Pr. for the Author by Wm. Smith, London'. No copy is recorded in any of the great libraries. Grove mentions it as being published in 1747, when Burney was twenty-one years of age. The work was announced in 'The General Advertiser' of February 13th 1748, May 27th 1748 and July 24th 1749.

Dipping at random into the collection we find a number of unrecorded editions and issues of familiar works along with others by composers with names not so familiar. There is, for instance, a Walsh and Hare edition of Albinoni's, 'Aires in 3 parts for two violins and a through bass'; again, Giuseppe Fabbri, 'Sonate à violino e violoncello o cembalo . . . Op. 1'.<sup>4</sup> I can trace no copy of this in England, and

<sup>2</sup> Boivin, LeClerc, Paris, 1723 [c. 1738].

<sup>3</sup> Fo, J. Walsh, London.

<sup>4</sup> Obi. Fo, Angelo Antonio della Cezza, Roma, 1724.



only one is recorded in Eitner, at Dresden, Bibl. d. kgl. Musikalien-sammlung. Eitner gives the name of the composer as "Giuseffo Fabbrini", organist and choirmaster of Siena cathedral, who died on November 20th 1708; it would seem that nothing is known of Giuseppe Fabbroni. Another stranger is Lorenzo Bocchi, who is known only for the following composition, which is hopefully numbered "Opus 1" and is entitled 'A musicall entertainment for a chamber. Sonatas for violin, flute, violoncello, and six string bass. With a thorough bass for the harpsichord . . . lastly a Scotch Cantata . . .' Op. 1. (Fo. n.p. [c. 1720.]) Eitner records one copy only, at Hamburg, which was published by John and William Neal, of Dublin. Only six publications of Neal's were known to Kidson, and this is not one of them. This edition, without imprint, is unrecorded and must have been published between 1724 and 1730. Another *rara avis* is Lorenzo Somis, who is represented by two works; Op. 1 published by Angelo Antonio della Cerra, Rome, 1722, and Op. 2 Chez Le Clerc, Boivin, Paris (1725), both of which editions seem to be unrecorded. On the inside cover of Op. 1 is the following note, written about 1930: "Of this rare work only one imperfect copy can be traced as being offered for sale over 20 years ago." Here, it seems, is yet another unrecorded copy—Quirino Gasparini, 'Sei trio academici a due violini, e un violoncello'. Op. 1.<sup>5</sup> Eitner mentions two trios for 2 violins and violoncello in manuscript (Conservatoire, Brussels), and Fétis writes "On a gravé à Londres six trios pour deux violons et violoncelle, sous le nom de Gasparini", but even of these no copy is recorded.

John Lœillet, of London, and Jean-Baptiste Lœillet, of Ghent (sometimes confused with J.-B. Lully), are proved, not very convincingly, by Bergmann in 'Monumenta musicae Belgicae', Vol. 1, 1932, to be one and the same person. Here we have Op. 3 of John and Op. 3 of Jean-Baptiste—two completely different works—so draw your own conclusions, but bear in mind Walsh is the publisher of both, and with Walsh anything is possible.

There are other items of considerable interest and importance, but although four or five hundred may not seem to some a very large number, enough has been said to show that they are of choice quality and sufficient to excite the interest of all collectors and historians of music.

Arnold not only spent freely in acquiring his books (and if a better copy of a work already in his possession was brought to his notice he often purchased it), but his loving care for his treasures prompted him to have them exquisitely bound, often in full leather with gilt tooling. The separate parts of the instrumental works are bound, some in handsome half-morocco cases, some individually; other works are brightly arrayed in roan, niger, morocco or vellum: he had an eye for colour. Thus the collection is not only gratifying to the musician and scholar, but for the librarian it brings gaiety and warmth to shelves where the drab calf of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries is the rule almost without exception.

Arnold died in 1940, and in his will he bequeathed these books to the University Library, Cambridge, where they are now housed in the Music Department.

<sup>5</sup> Fo, LeClerc, Paris [175-].

## THE ABADE ANTONIO DA COSTA

BY ANN LIVERMORE

*My friend, the ingenious and  
worthy Portuguese abbate.*

—BURNLEY.

"A KIND of Rousseau, but still more original", says Burney in the *Journal of his German tour*. "A Portuguese Abbé . . . this extraordinary musician . . . who, disdaining to follow the steps of others, has struck out a new road, both as composer and performer, which it is wholly impossible to describe"; whereupon, in the usual way, Burney attempts to do so. In his book '*A Musical Critic's Holiday*' Mr. Ernest Newman writes: "I search the pages of history in vain for any other record of the Abate Costa and his original music [pp. 244-246]. One recognizes the type at once. . . ." It is not entirely Mr. Newman's fault that he has drawn a wrong inference from Burney's description of the Portuguese musician he met in Vienna. Burney took his first impression and information about Costa at second hand, and what he says does no more than excite curiosity. He was evidently puzzled by the Abade's character and music, though he admitted after a second hearing of this strange music at Costa's lodgings that it grew upon him.

It happened, however, that in 1879 some letters by Costa were published in his supposed native city of Oporto.<sup>1</sup> These throw extraordinary light on the enigma of his character, and if not much upon his own compositions—he playfully calls them miscompositions in a letter—at least give decided evidence of his opinions on the music of his time. The edition was limited to some 112 copies, of which fifty were for sale. Its publication was attended by some odd circumstances—the disappearance of the actual letters whilst the edition was being prepared—but anyone who knows Portugal well would not attach any sinister importance to that. I did, however, approach an examination of the letters with caution, perhaps because I had in mind the old controversy about the authenticity of the '*Letters of a Portuguese Nun*' (the reading of which kept Mr. Gladstone up all one night).<sup>2</sup> Unlike the '*Letters of a Portuguese Nun*', which to me seem to bear marks of literary concoction, these letters of a Portuguese abbé appear to be genuine. I have never heard that their source has been suspected. Their editor was Dr. Joaquim de Vasconcellos, an indefatigable pioneer and musicologist. The letters, thirteen in number and written over a period of thirty years, support Burney's remark that "his musical opinions are as singular as his character". But more than this, they lay bare the mind of a worthy man, who fled from Portugal for the sake of liberty of thought—probably he was of Jewish stock—but never swerved from those first principles which were the likely cause of his persecution. But Antonio da Costa's character was not so singular as Burney supposed. To anyone who knows Portugal, and its provincial life and eighteenth-century history in particular, he has much in common with his compatriots, then and now. But undoubtedly the simplicity of his inflexibly fixed habits, based, as the letters show, upon uncompromising adherence to a chosen philosophy, must have afforded a strong contrast to the brilliance and

<sup>1</sup> The MSS. were found in the National Library of Lisbon by Dr. José Ribeiro Guimarães, in 1875.

<sup>2</sup> A spurious edition of the composer Guerrero's '*Itinerario*' appeared in Portugal in 1734.

fashion surrounding the Viennese court. Though Burney and Costa met in Vienna, and five of the letters—the later ones—were written from that capital, it is the first seven, written from Rome, and the one from Venice which tell us most about Costa as a musician. But the letters generally reveal that he possessed the caustic wit and ironical observation of other men with which many Portuguese console themselves in that self-imagined national obscurity to which they are excessively sensitive. They show, unconsciously I think, that Costa shared his people's susceptibility of feeling and that the misanthropy, for which Burney suggests he was notorious, was at first only a defence against the rebuffs and misfortunes of his earlier years and was never more than skin-deep. The correspondence tells its own tale of music and human nature.

LETTER I. (ROMA 6-10-1750.) TO SNR. JOÃO PEIXOTO.<sup>3</sup>

"All the way to Galicia, I came trembling with fear that they would follow me." As a fugitive he had no passport, and at Santiago he was refused one on the grounds that "I could not produce one already". He got away. But in Castile an official sought to arrest him . . . "and twice I would have been caught, had it not have been for my lies, which necessity compelled me to utter . . . And so I crossed through France".

At a fair he heard of some English who were on their way to Italy, but could not find them. Life became a "*vida de novellas* . . . I made my way with . . . hungers, thirsts, sweats, fatigues and other miseries." Arriving in Rome on August 23rd, he expresses his contentment with the city. The women are of the same complexion as the Portuguese, and more approachable. "In short, for me, Rome is a very excellent place and Oporto is worth nothing in comparison." He was then about thirty-five years old. Later on, he was to change these views considerably. But in safety, at least, he can say after praising the beauties of Roman art:

I would never leave here, if I had but a morsel of bread, not for the *grandeurs* but for the ease and quiet in which I see one could live . . . But now we will come to the desired point about Music. I have heard much, because in Rome there are few days when there is none to be had. The day before yesterday I went to S. Francisco. There were two musicians' galleries. In one, sixteen violins, two big bass-violins, one small, two viols and an organ. In the other were forty voices, viols and organs. I will tell you how all this seemed to me, together and singly; together, it seemed to me very little better than at home. Confusion, tumult, some in tune, some out, but nobody loses his place, and they know their parts well. The fiddles together are good enough, though their tuning is pretty rough. Those at home achieve better concord, when they are intent upon it. The style of the symphonies is extravagant, always such a *turi-furi*, as if in battle. The basses have very big voices, but harsh, and when they sing a solo, Good God deliver us! (I must tell you truly) they sound like dogs howling . . . neither more nor less; in short it's something to laugh at . . . The tenors here are weak, with drab voices and coarse, etc. The contraltos also pretty weak. The trebles are excellent, fine voices, sweet, very tuneful and they sing their trills and runs with more distinction and more in tune than the fiddles; but what matters more, Sir, is that these damned fiddles play as loudly, and are as furious in their parts, as though no one were singing at all. But if by chance it should happen that the fiddles are silent, and the voice remains alone, I assure you it gives me pleasure to hear these trebles sing. The two principals are called Santarelli and Manicuccio, and in truth they sing with great suavity and in tune, and they are musicians; and this is an advantage they have over ours; no one ever loses his place, no one is ever embarrassed in his solo, no one colours up red, nor gets in a passion with his fellows, accusing them of having made a mistake or of not knowing their business.

Costa gives us here and elsewhere as much a picture of music-making

<sup>3</sup> João Peixoto. A note in MS. to these first letters says their burlesque style was appropriate to the person to whom they were written "the celebrated Peixoto, string player of music in the Cathedral of Oporto"; Costa and Peixoto must often have heard its chimes at midnight together, though Vasconcellos prudishly cut some of Costa's reminiscences of their old pranks.

in Portugal as in Italy. He goes on to speak of his attempts to get some music-copying to do, and of his ill-success; he lives on bread for breakfast and bread for dinner. A little fruit now and then makes a banquet. But he manages, somehow, to buy strings for his fiddle.

LETTER II. (ROMA, 28-2-1752.) TO THE SAME.

He is anxious about the safe arrival of the trios he has sent off.

Here are two more to go with the others . . . the others are more affecting; these are better for when one's heart is somewhat eased of love, but none the less they bring consolation to the breast. I chose these two fugues, because I know you like them of this kind; see to it that all the parts are well in tune together, clean and strictly in time, and you will discover what very pretty stuff it is.

So Lisbon is to have opera again<sup>4</sup>; they say the King of Portugal does as the King of Naples; a theatre for himself, and for his people and the court at the same time; I don't know whether it is so; but I do know that many musicians, dancers, etc. are now engaged . . . One is going called Gizielo, who is famed here for being only just below Caffarelli, which is as much as to say he is the second musician in Italy; they say he has the voice of an angel. . . .<sup>5</sup> One Venturini also goes, who sang here in one of the theatres last year and this one too has a good voice and sings very well . . . I forgot to copy the final *allegro* for the bass part; you will find it by itself at the end.

LETTER III. (ROMA, MAIO-JUNHO 1752.) TO SENHOR ANTONIO NUNES.

You can well imagine the times I think of you when I hear the fiddle played here, especially when I hear a solo . . . In Rome there is a multitude of players and amateur (*curiosos*, Costa calls them) fiddlers, with the same reputation as at home; a few of great fame, others more second-rate, and others downright scapsters. Those of great name, in common opinion, . . . are Ghilarducci and Erba, two venerated ancients who can hardly move for the weight of solfa in their heads—both pupils of the great Corelli. But before I tell you how they play I must beg you not to read this to anyone . . . in case one should offend any of these gentlemen, who think they play divinely . . . But now to the point. Ghilarducci I heard play a concert of solos in the Santiago dos Hespanhoes; he plays so badly that it would be a waste of time to dwell on him; no tempo neither proportion nor measure of any time; but the others are used to him and follow as best they may. The tuning is horrible; a Lisbon cobbler beside me cried out *Ai! Ai!* . . . Above all, I can't tell you how clumsy he is with the bow, how rustic and sharp is the sound he draws from the fiddle! As for style we won't speak of that!

Erba I have heard play as often as I wished in the house of a pupil of his, nephew of a canon of Santiago in Galicia, where I and this nephew struck up acquaintance through our love of the fiddle with which he is much smitten . . . He landed here but a few months after me, and suddenly one day he jumped on me in the street with such a shout that I was stricken with much fear, thinking it was something very different. Next morning I agreed to go to his house where I found fiddles and music on the table, and in a little while the master arrived; he brought out his fiddle and began the lesson. I can tell you nothing better of him than I have told you of the other, only that after a quarter of an hour I retreated to the window; such was the noise and so out of tune his playing it brought me on a headache . . . On other occasions I have heard him play concertos, solos, trills, cadenzas, all only fit to laugh at. What surprised me most is the little he knows of music; believe me, I don't exaggerate . . . I suppose the trios of Besozzi have reached Senhor João Peixoto . . . the first of these . . . beginning with the *Andante* in 6-8 I took one day to the Galician, and he handed it to the *maestro* in order to have a lesson on it. There it was. Signor Erba never made head or tail of it, turned back, nothing, back to the beginning, nothing, till he decided it was all wrong, then he changed it, next day he changed it again, so went on playing with it a few days till he finished by playing it in three different tempos . . . Ah, Vieira, where art thou? And to think some laughed at thee! Believe me, Senhor Antonio

<sup>4</sup> The golden age of opera in Lisbon has not yet received the complete study it deserves, though its opulent charms have not escaped the men of easy letters (beginning with Beckford). In his History Burney says the "new theatre of His Portuguese Majesty . . . surpassed in magnitude and decorations all that modern times can boast . . . a powerful orchestra . . . the greatest singers then existing".

<sup>5</sup> Gizielo narrowly escaped with his life from the earthquake. Sir B. Keene, British Envoy in Madrid, writes to a friend in Portugal early in 1755: "Here are for your use and service in Portugal . . . a Poet, a Composer, a Castrato, and a Candlesnuffer"; but after the earthquake in November he notes "your musicians come tumbling in naked upon us every day".



Nunes, Vieira with his eyes shut could teach music and good taste to Erba. They call these two players the two first violinists in Rome, neither more nor less, as it might be Vieira and José Cactano; it's true that some with taste confess their style to be now somewhat antique, but with regard to the *Fundo da Musica* for directing an orchestra, they are the two biggest men in Rome; and no one can get that out of their heads. There is now here a *bravo*, as they say, from Leorne [Livorno: Leghorn], pupil of Tartini; everyone admits he is a great player, but if you say that's how Ghilarducci and Erba ought to play, they retort "There's nobody like Ghilarducci in the *Fundo da Musica* . . ." in short, as at home.

Be this as it may, it's certain that whosoever would gain a living in Rome by playing the fiddle must first be examined by them, and if they say he is not capable, he had better find some other living. But to speak truly, any of the more mediocre players, even many of the amateurs, play a thousand times better than these two aged *mestres*, although all in the same Italian style, usually so tiresome. The *bravo de Leorne* is called Signor Nardini; I accompanied him in four sonatas a solo in the house of Cardinal Spinelli, who is a neighbour; he plays very well; his tuning is tolerable . . . he draws a good natural sound . . . playing with great cleanness—compared with the other players in Rome.

Operas and plays in winter; church music, *concertos* (which are called academies) and serenades in gentlemen's houses in summer; there is no lack of work; but what sort of work? If you found yourself in one of these academies you would be astonished; they bring fiddles with strings as thick as fingers, bows very long and bridges like cross-bows, and these bows they draw across the strings with as much violence as a wood-cutter felling saplings with an axe. I've not yet, apart from Signor Nardini, met one who knew how to tune a fiddle, or took the trouble to; the discord of the separate strings appears like pandemonium. I've seen this for nearly two years and still seem unable to believe it. When they set to work, Oh name of God! it seems as if the house is falling! Certainly, at first one naturally wants to shut one's ears, but there is no remedy but to do as the rest, and to pay for it afterwards with a headache. They always play the first symphony as though it were a battle, lightly (oh yes!), disjointed, confused, discordant as the devil; *forte, forte, forte, hurry! Forte*, on all three strings, hubbub! *Forte, forte, fortissimo*; end of *allegro*. *Andante* in B flats, *piano*, as we would play *mezzo*; *forte*, with harsh raspings that rend the soul, and so it goes on to the end, *forte, piano, forte, piano*, in such poor taste and such bad tuning as to smite the heart with anguish. "Segundo allegro", another frantic battle, without tempo, without grace or style, and the symphony is over. At the end there is no lack of "Bravo! Signor Cielli". "Bravo! Signor Riminese". "Anzie bravo a lei". "Grazie, obbligato". "Bravo! Signor Fanti". "Bravo a lei, e al signor Lorenzini". "Bravo! a loro". "Grazie." "Bravo!", etc. Of these wonderful sonatas the academy consists from beginning to end, except some aria which they accompany with the same desperation and coarseness with which they play the symphonies and overtures. It only remains to tell you how they play the fiddle unaccompanied. It is here, yet, that one sees how far bad playing can go. I have seen many playing their minuets, allegros, andantinos, etc. . . . I can't tell you what a feast they give to the ears of the audience.

Costa runs on in this vein at some length.

I should like to tell you only of a certain rustic awkwardness with which all are gifted more or less; more generally professionals and less generally the amateurs. But I don't know how to explain it, because I can't think of any player at home with any resemblance to these. They seize the fiddle with such force . . . they draw the bow across the strings like madmen, and wherever they strike—bang wallop! Their fingers are so out of place and so out of tune, that at times even they notice it! Not that that worries them! Get on! *Forte, forte*; the bow goes at one speed, the fingers at another, it doesn't matter, get on! the *prima* is below pitch, the *terceira* a semitone above, leave them there, in the peace of God! They themselves go through the movements of tuning by passing the bow over the strings two or three times and take the fiddle as tuned. *Forte, forte*, this is all they care about when they play; *forte, forte*. I've told you that their *forte* is such a slap-dash clumsiness as would give you a headache in a short time, especially if taken fasting of a morning. I have seen many who have learned in the conservatories of Naples, or elsewhere; they have the same style more or less; though certainly they haven't so much of that rustic raving of the Romans, which I would compare (it's just come into my head) rather to those frantic guitarists back in the little places of the Minho, where with every flourish they make they seem bent on breaking the strings, or would pluck out the bridge . . .<sup>6</sup> I am sure you won't think that the heat with which I speak ill of the Roman players is born of resentment

<sup>6</sup> These Minhoto guitarists as Costa describes them would have made suitable accompanists for the rustic singers in Cervantes's 'Coloquio de los Perros.'

that they don't esteem me here and because I can't earn any money; because you know my nature on these points; it is born only, I think, from my love of giving everyone his due, according to my honest opinion; I am not obliged to do more. To end with (have a little more patience), I wish to make a comparison . . . of the ability of the Italians with ours for instrumental playing. They say that the Portuguese in the matter of playing instruments (as in everything else) absolutely lack *genio* and are incapable of learning theory and good taste in music, however much they hear and learn. But, first, it seems to me that their elementary theory and good taste here are just plain ignorance and bad taste. Secondly, I find no reason for their saying that the Portuguese are incapable of learning their style; rather it seems to me they learn with the greatest facility when they wish; suffice it to quote the case of Luís de Mágalhães who in seventeen days' study with Busoni played some adagios, if not with the finish of the master, at least with the living image of his style. I believe it almost certain that no full-grown Italian could play minuets or any other thing as well as (I don't say you) Vicente, Thomas Bark, Thomas Cypriano play at home or as Antonio Anicete, Simão, the celebrated Canner, etc., used to play. You would reprove me for putting Thomas Cypriano on the list; you would be right; but it was because they play the *cravo* [harpsichord] here in the same way as the fiddle, and I assure you I was astonished the first time I heard one of these *bravi* play, and I am astonished every time I hear them. Making this comparison between the two nations, I must acknowledge that the Italians know much of the art of music, so far as it is known till now, but that they have no ability to play with grace. On the contrary, the Portuguese are naturally very much inclined to prefer lovely things, smoothly and delicately performed, but usually they know nothing of art, because they don't apply themselves to it. You know well that the sword and love affairs take up nearly all the time of the Portuguese in their youth. Here it is otherwise; if you were here you would see how many young men from twelve to thirty years of age are as quiet among the finest girls as capons amongst hens in Portugal; the use of the sword, as is known, is a vanity which never enters their heads; they play continually in the operas and other theatres, which altogether were eighteen this winter, they play at balls, in the academies, in private serenades, etc. The music, for the most part, consists of those much-disputed passages; if they come across a difficult piece no one plays alone; they cling together, like travellers when they wish to pass over a torrential river to avoid the danger of being swept away by the current, and all is well. At home it is not so, as you know, we don't apply ourselves to music, or hardly at all, because we are occupied with other cares. However, Rome is like all other places in which there is both good and bad.

"Certainly", he adds, "he who likes good things in the matter of music, girls, delicacy of judgement, fine conversation with a cheerful, warm-hearted beauty and of fine thoughts, etc., is badly off here; but well enough for the rest . . . For me, the women here might pass for men. What I judge here of music is of Rome, and not of other parts of Italy, which I have not seen."

#### LETTER IV. (ROMA, 27 DE ABRIL, DE 1752.)

This letter gives colour to the probability that he came of Jewish stock. It contains no reference to music, but discusses the Portuguese colony in Rome and its Old and New Christians (converted Jews). He pricks their foibles sharply, and with a few lines reveals the Portuguese nature in its worst aspects. It concludes with a hint of his own straits. "If you can get me out of this misery in which I live, don't rest till you have done so."

#### LETTER V. (ROMA, 30 DE ABRIL, 1754.)

In this he writes of operas and plays. He describes the theatres as very large; the scenes very fine, but without much novelty. The men are dressed

in the same style that you saw at S. Domingos in the Portuguese opera by Frei Antonio. They don't shift the scenes with the same skill and promptness here, I have heard tell by those who have seen operas in Lisbon; but apart from this and other similar things, the Italians are not fastidious . . . The costumes of the soldiers, or of others with small parts seem more fit for an *entremes* than for an opera;

so poor and ridiculous are they. So that you may understand more or less the form of both theatres, imagine it is like the Church of S. Ildefonso, or the Clérigos. The stage is the high altar; and the people look on from the body of the church . . . The music . . . continues from beginning to end with recitative and arias, four high voices and two deep ones, usually; instruments, 20 to 24 fiddles, bass fiddles and wind instruments in proportion. Here you wish to know what I think of this music, as it is the principal thing for which people go . . . I have heard almost all the operas, but it is not easy to hear anything which moves the heart or makes people forget what they are seeing; except some short parts when one occasionally hears the sweet and graceful voices of the finest musicians; and these I have heard only three in all these years (not to mention Egizielo), for the rest, without wronging them, they serve for little purpose . . . When they accompany, they play out of all reason, so that they drown the voices, and when they let go the curtain the strings make a great buzzing, but to my ears so coarse and disagreeable, that together with the noise in the theatre, the great throng of spectators, truly it's enough to give one a headache. . . . At last, when I come home, I ask myself: Well, what did I hear? I know it gave me no pleasure, in fact my head is full of a zum-zum, from the four or five hours of the noise of fiddles, basses, trumpets, etc., the shouting of people, continual conversation, laughings, clappings, some crying "bravo", "bravone", "Ah caro Cafarello" . . . So you see these celebrated operas are not so much of the heavens opening as they have been represented to us, before seeing them. This is not that I belittle the ingenuity with which they do them and the pleasure of those who are mad about them; I wish to put things in perspective. Sometimes I have compared one of these operas with a tragedy which the Fathers of the Company made for the canonization of the two saints at home, and I don't know that I wouldn't rather see that to-day than any opera. The best thing about that was the calm and silence on every hand, and in the people who saw it, for thus the music is assisted and the words are helped and the spectacle; but here the confusion does not allow the music to be heard, nor attention to be given to the scene . . . The skill and swiftness with which they moved the scenes was better there than here; besides, the variety of the figures, the costumes and stage, the clothes of various styles, etc., was something to give pleasure to the eyes.<sup>7</sup> Here every year they have the same half-dozen figures always with the same costumes representing ancient Romans, or princes of India, or Turkish emperors; the music always *recitado* and arias; always overthrowing a kingdom and sacrificing a son if necessary to please the gods, etc.

Then follow some sound remarks on the relative value of personal criticism, and after apologizing for this "sermon" he goes on to write of the plays. "I saw Spanish, French and Italian comedies", but, characteristically, he speaks of their defects; especially of the Italian clowning, which to him is more evidence that the Roman is light-headed and weak in judgment. Only in the three *collegios nobres* does he find the comedies well done. Good theatre, good costumes, good instrumental playing by the students.

#### LETTER VI. (ROMA, 20 DE MAIO DE 1754.)

In this he writes in praise of Rome, but critically of its citizens. Caustically he remarks on the humility and diligence with which they will work to secure the favour of anyone with money or influence—they double themselves like wax—but though he wishes to shun the society of such creatures his office of fiddler demands that he shall attend this function and that. Then he asks for news of João. Is he even more taken now than last year with those dances and those *furias* from Rio? . . . If remote desires, for poetry or to dance the *amable* still come upon him, that is a sign that he still has some substance and is not yet lost entirely. Costa sees his own misfortunes to be the result of the inclinations with which he was born, inclinations contrary to the common tastes of men, but which with the years become more deeply rooted within his own esquipathic nature.<sup>8</sup> He speaks of the passions of his youth,

<sup>7</sup> Costa's comparisons here were probably impartial. The Portuguese have an instinct for agreeable stage costuming and decoration as their national ballet—the Verde Gaió—shows.

<sup>8</sup> He was of the same mind as Buscni, who suggested that the devil was the spirit of contradiction in man. Wagner's belief that it is the artist's destiny to represent the individual instinct in society and its struggle to counterbalance the autocracy of State belongs to another climate.

but his only regret now is that he may at one time or another have treated his friend and Pedro Pereira with too much dryness and harshness . . . or have opened his heart to all with too much frankness, telling others to their faces of their defects, without beating about the bush. He makes clear the causes of his own misanthropy, as a recoil from natural open-heartedness which is too sincere for the world in general. He confesses to feelings of shame at being unable to repay the help of kind friends. But since it is the defects of his virtues which have brought about his miseries, he does not see how it is possible to make amends; the mischief is done and he cannot stoop to deceits, lies, flatteries in order to win a living; especially as, in order to please one's masters, one must injure others. He has thought of going to England, but there he would have to turn to trade and what aptitude has he for that? At forty how could he start life again? In spite of uncongenial society here at least he can live the quiet life which has been his inclination since childhood. "In praying and chanting with them [the priests of S. Antonio] in the choir, I am not obliged to do more; I return to my little house, begin to toy with the guitar, or to look out upon the green, for I have an excellent view from my window." But though he paints the consolations of comparative peace of mind, he has *saudades* for Portugal . . .

I think much more of certain Portuguese kitchen-maids than of the choicest princesses of Rome. I am now chaplain of Santo Antonio, one of those called supernumeraries, which are paid only house, bed and cooking and ten *paulos* a month with the obligation to say five masses, if a priest; but in June the Governor says I shall be numerary chaplain, which means having accommodation and three *escudos* each month from the choir, and three for mass.

In order that he may write more freely, as his friends wish, he advises that the name of a fictitious woman should be sent him, so that letters may pass without suspicion. He makes further comparison between Italian and Portuguese women. "The one advantage of the Italian is that she does not set fire to the men", but the men themselves are not inflammable.

#### LETTER VII. (ROMA, 30 DE AGOSTO DE 1754.)

This shows a proper gratitude for money received. But he begs his friend to send no more. His chaplaincy covers house and food, and he has learned to govern his wants, or else, indeed, he would be miserable. It is bitter to be so far from Portugal, living "amongst these pests of pests of women."

#### LETTER VIII. (VENEZA, 22 DE JULHO DE 1761.)

First he comments on the sudden death, whilst drinking a cup of milk, of Francisco José das Chagas, the youth from the Alemtejo who played the fiddle. "Such is the news I am accustomed to have here of my acquaintances; one is dead, another has had a fit, and another has been imprisoned, etc." He is older, but remains incorrigibly critical . . . Venice . . .

for my taste I never saw such an ugly city, nor hope to . . . The music of the city, or of S. Marco, is a pest, but there are four conservatorios or seminaries where *Puellae Puellarum* learn this art . . . they play like men and sing beautifully, especially at the Incurables . . . where there is a certain *gregheta*, who has made me weep sometimes with the grace and sweetness of her voice.

#### LETTER IX. (VIENNA D'AUSTRIA, 23 DE JULHO DE 1774.)

Increasing years bring preoccupation with the pains of ill-health; he describes his symptoms with a minute realism not uncommon among Portuguese. His wonder at the new religious freedom Portugal now



enjoys under Pombal is of more interest to the historian than to the musician. But, as critical as ever, when asked his opinion of Paris he replies  *muito mal*  and advises his friend not to believe travellers' tales. The streets are melancholy, the womens' clothes dirty, the people . . . little elevated in judgment, less still of heart, grave, dull, etc. . . .

LETTER X. (VIENNA, 4 DE DEZEMBRO DE 1774.)

He replies to a suggestion that he should return to Oporto. He gives several reasons why he cannot make the journey; the fear he has of the airs of the country . . . "and I am still desirous that death should come as late as possible in spite of my age." A second reason which makes his return difficult, if not impossible, is having no means of livelihood there:

music, no, because apart from the miserable emoluments . . . all the places are occupied, and I am too old to try in my way to apply for one which might fall vacant . . . but though I am one of the poorest priests in Vienna, having no more than the mass to live by, I can manage here much better than at Oporto, both for convenience and quietness; if I wish, I can eat every day in more than one house, so that the two *tosões* from the mass remain over to pay for my lodging, which also I might have without paying, if I wished, and clothing, too;\* and this I earn with no more work than the ten minutes' mass, without politics, without bowings and scrapings . . . so that all my time is free for my musical scribbles and for plucking at pleasure on the guitar . . . It's true I've studied music more than anyone might believe, but what could I get out of that? I know more about the violin, so as to please the ear better than most, even than those who play the instrument best; I play the guitar, some say well, for these parts; and I compose for the fiddle, guitar, voice, etc.; some also say with great mastery, depth and even taste; well, suppose they speak the truth, then does it seem right to you that I, who never aspired to gain riches and fame in the world, should do so now, at the cost of belittling myself, for so I consider do all those who show off their abilities in public . . . led away by the interest and vanity which gnaw at their hearts? No, you won't suppose that I should or could do such a thing. I should obtain nothing from this, because from the fiddle no one wants anything but trifles; as for the guitar, the very ones who are fond of it, confess that my style of playing would please very few, by the excessive sweetness of sound which I draw from it, and the pieces in themselves also; of the compositions I will only tell you that no one knows how to sing or play them; I believe this is enough for you to comprehend . . . what lucre I could get out of them, even if I thought proper to try.

His friend is evidently anxious about his welfare and suggests that he might turn to profit his knowledge of five nations of the world. But he bids his friend think no more of such a scheme. "Generally speaking . . . going about the world distracts more sense than it brings"; the experience of dealing with other nations does not necessarily give one the power to know oneself more intimately; nor a greater knowledge of the secret springs of human conduct than one obtains from dealing with one's own kind; "to tell you the truth, I don't take this to be . . . of such importance as worldly people do"; his guide is always such instinct as nature may have given him to divine the depths and obscurities of people in their words and deeds. But immediately he goes on, with his usual gusto for the theme of human variety, to give the Germans a severe basting. Disproportionate vanity; saying one thing to-day, another to-morrow and scarcely troubling to deny it when you accuse them of lying, even saying that no importance should be made of words which pass as the wind; falling into horrible vileness for money's sake, without shame; envious above all other people; such are some of the German vices in comparison with which the Italians appear very superior, though still below the Portuguese.

\* Evidently the royal exile, João of Braganza, Duke of Lafões, was his would-be protector. Lafões had the characteristics of his family, whose generosity was often matched by discerning taste and in whose lives music was no mere ornament, but a necessity. It was almost certainly through his introduction that Costa became intimate with Gluck and Metastasio. Gluck dedicated 'Paride ed Elena' to Lafões, and Mozart played in his house several times.

In a message to Senhor Peixoto he asks him to copy,

or to get someone who doesn't need spectacles for this . . . to copy the "Rex tremendae majestatis" which is sung there in the office for the dead . . . with the smallest figures possible, and a canon or fugue by Rebello which José da Costa knew . . . and in payment I will send you as quickly as I can two of my own musical mis-compositions, so that he, and other fiddlers at home, may make merry with them; and at the same time I will send you a little present so as to give you and many others another frolic—in paint. And what will it be? Do you guess? . . . Do you give it up? The portrait in colours of Antonio da Costa at the age of *vita hominis sexaginta anni*, done by a Portuguese, secretary to the Portuguese minister at Naples, who is here at the present time. . . .<sup>10</sup>

It would not be false to conclude from this that Costa, by a steady consistency in his own singularity of character, had by now achieved a place in the consideration of his fellows, and that the respect allowed to his personality in society brought balm to his spirit. It also suggests that he had no false opinion of his own "miscompositions" and that where he "disdained to follow the steps of others", as Burney says, was in stooping to a lower level of conduct than his conscience would permit. The letters make this abundantly clear.

LETTER XI. (VIENNA, 4 DE DEZEMBRO DE 1779.)  
TO SNR. MANOEL GOMES COSTA PACHECO.

The shadows are gathering now. He replies to the son of his greatest friend, who has sent news of his father's death. This son seems to have written with pious filial feeling, offering Costa a home and wherewithal, and Costa shows how deeply he appreciates the kindly impulse. But Portugal is too far away, and the young man has too many family responsibilities to assume more ties. And as for continuing the correspondence, a growing weakness makes it increasingly difficult for him to hold a pen. He manages, however, to set down a page of protest against the cruel distinction made against those of Jewish descent, New Christians, in Portugal.<sup>11</sup> "To hate those who do us no harm, who indeed at many times wish us well, who show on a thousand occasions to be of an excellent nature, is one of the most refined evils to which the human heart can descend. It is undeserving of forgiveness." He is blind in the left eye now, with a cataract, and he has been told to prepare himself for blindness in the other. He sends many *saudades* to João Peixoto and asks him to accept a remembrance from each of the seventy interpreters. Perhaps this implies that a performance had been given in Vienna of some Portuguese music, even perhaps something composed by Rebello, Master of Music to John IV of Portugal, who was mentioned in the previous letter, or the "Rex tremendae majestatis."

LETTER XII. (VIENNA D'AUSTRIA, 29 DE JULHO DE 1780), TO THE SAME.

This shows that the thoughtfulness of Manoel Gomes Costa had outlasted the state of family mourning. "I esteem very much . . . the two qualities which shine out in your words, which the world calls folly, that is, the naturalness and sincerity with which you speak", says Costa. He castigates another section of Portuguese society, these uneducated compatriots who had gone to Brazil and, when they returned with their fortunes made, "think only of eating up what they brought back". Gomes Costa has asked his advice on what he should read, especially in French and English. The elder man warns him not to look for true wisdom in books, but to be guided by his own natural judgment.

<sup>10</sup> Probably Diogo de Carvalho Sampaio, who wrote a 'Dissertation on Primitive Colours' (Lisbon, 1788) and a treatise on the 'Natural Formation of Colours' (Madrid, 1791).

<sup>11</sup> This was after Pombal's fall.

But he cannot refrain from singling out French writers for reprobation for their "insufferable presumption" and "vainglory of knowledge."<sup>12</sup>

LETTER XIII. (VIENNA DE AUSTRIA, 7 DE OUTUBRO DE 1780),  
TO THE SAME.

In this last letter, he writes again of the portrait, whose sending has been long delayed, and bids Gomes Costa, when he receives it, to add another five years to that picture of old age. Once again he sends a message to Snr. João Peixoto—to whom he had enclosed a note in the previous letter—begging "that he should not forget to send me the music which I asked of him". We may suppose from this that through the agency of the Abade Antonio da Costa Portuguese music had given sufficient pleasure in Vienna to prompt him to ask for more. There is evidence in the Vienna State Library of ancient musical relations between Austria and Portugal. It may be that from this source more light may yet be thrown on Costa's miscompositions; it is almost certain that he died in Vienna. Burney's remarks do not disperse one's conjectures that Costa may have transplanted something of the Peninsular idiom, both popular and classical, into his own music: the "uncommon modulation", the fact that "the time is always difficult to make out, from the great number of ligatures and fractions", above all, the quality which Burney thought a defect—the excessive repetition of the same themes—all these are inherent in Iberian music and contribute largely to the impression of singularity which was precisely the effect produced on northerners by Costa's playing.<sup>13</sup> It is no surprise to read in Burney that Costa "thinks the *basse fondamentale* the most absurd of all inventions", because of its "perpetual tending to a final close and termination of whatever is begun; falling a fifth, or rising a fourth, cuts everything off short, or makes the ear, which is accustomed to a fundamental base, uneasy till a passage is finished". The natural music of the Peninsula avoids the final close like the plague—or pest, as Costa would say.

<sup>12</sup> Voltaire offended Portuguese pride more than once, notably by his remarks upon the national bard, Camões.

<sup>13</sup> In the two examples of Costa's themes which Burney tried to write down his difficulty in making out the time is obvious, especially in the first. With little adjustment the second would pass for a native tune anywhere north of the Tagus; its structure is based on the commonest of guitar modulations.

## AN HISTORIC MARCH

By HENRY GEORGE FARMER

Here in the streets, I did hear  
the *Scotch march* beat by the drums before  
the soldiers, which is very odde.

Pepys, Diary, June 30th 1667.

WHAT was this "very odd" Scots March that perplexed the famous English diarist, whom Sir Walter Scott dubbed "that curious fellow"? It is passing strange that we read so much about this special item of military discipline and yet actually know so little. The name often confronts us in the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war", not merely in English and Scottish history, but in the annals of Sweden, the Low Countries and France. Originally it was a drum march, but later an air was set or adapted to the fundamental drummings, and all sorts of tunes have been identified with this old march.

At first glance this time-honoured Scots March would seem to have a history dating from the sixteenth century. Thomas Fischer, in his book, 'The Scots in Germany' (1912) says:<sup>1</sup>

It [The Scots March] was composed in 1527 for the old guard of King James V. See Munro, *Exped.*

Yet reference to Munro reveals not the slightest corroboration of this statement. Indeed, Fischer seems to have simply enlarged on what a Scottish author, James Grant, said in his 'Memoirs and Adventures of Sir John Hepburn' (1851), which reads:<sup>2</sup>

This old national air [The Scots March], which was the terror of the Spaniards in Holland, and of the Austrians in Germany—so much so, that it was frequently beaten by the drums of the Dutch at night when they wished to keep their quarters unmolested, was first composed for the ancient guard of James V [of Scotland], when marching to attack the castle of Tantallon in 1527.

Grant simply gives his authority as "Grose's *Antiquities*", by which he means Grose's 'Antiquities of Scotland' (1788-91), but what Grose actually says is this:<sup>3</sup>

There is a tradition among the soldiers, that *The Scots March* now beat, was first composed for the troops going on this siege [of Tantallon], and that it was meant to express the words *Ding Down Tantallon*.

Grose, who was a careful military historian, as his 'Military Antiquities' reveals, does not give any "authority" for his statement, but it seems fairly clear that Grose was the *fons et origo* of the statements made by Fischer and Grant. If that is a correct assumption, the reference to "the old guard" or "the ancient guard" is mere decoration, whilst the date of the "marching to attack" Tantallon is 1528, not 1527.

Yet "history" does not end here, since the origin of this march has been dealt with at length by Mr. A. W. Inglis, the accredited historian of Scottish martial music.<sup>4</sup> The Grose paragraph has led Mr. Inglis to

<sup>1</sup> p. 80.

<sup>2</sup> p. 106.

<sup>3</sup> Vol. I, p. 82.

<sup>4</sup> It appeared in the 'Regimental Records of the Royal Scots' (1915) by J. C. Leask and H. M. McCance, who say that Mr. Inglis "has tackled the subject of regimental music more thoroughly than it has ever been treated in a regimental history".



make two curious statements which are worthy of being quoted in full, so that they can be examined.

(1) He cites James Ray of Whitehaven, the chatty historian of the '45 rebellion, and this is what Inglis says:<sup>5</sup>

This reputed origin of the march is supported by James Ray of Whitehaven. . . . He records in his letters that he had "a fine view of Tantallon Castle and the Bass Rock, whence the Scots derive their March on the Drums." This seems to imply that Ray, from his soldiering experience in Flanders and elsewhere, was familiar with the Scots March, and was aware of its traditional origin, from Tantallon or the Bass Rock. . . . Additional proof could easily be given of the connection of the name of Tantallon with the Scots March, but further testimony seems superfluous.

(2) Further, he states:<sup>6</sup>

The Scots March continued to be used at least as late as the year 1788, and was known in Scotland under the name of *Tantallon* or *The Bass*.

These statements are intended by Inglis to strengthen the Grose reference to the antiquity of the Scots March, and they call for comment.

(1) All that can be logically deduced from Ray is that in 1746 the Scots March or, to be more precise, their "march on the drums", was, at that time, said to have been derived from some connection with Tantallon Castle. Inglis's mention of what Ray learned when soldiering in Flanders and elsewhere, even if true, amounts simply to gratuitous assumptions.

(2) The Grose testimony may entitle Inglis to say that the Scots March was known as late as 1788, the year when Grose was actually working at Tantallon Castle, but it does not prove, nor does the present writer know of any proof, that the Scots March was known under the name of 'Tantallon' or 'The Bass' at that time.

More considerable has been Mr. Inglis's endeavour to establish the identity of the old Scots March with the melody of the song known as 'Dumbarton's Drums', the present regimental march of the Royal Scots. His contentions for this identity are based mainly on these premises: (1) That the name itself dates the melody and song; (2) that it is a distinctly martial air; (3) that there is no evidence that the regimental march of the regiment was ever changed.

(1) Here are his actual words:

The name ['Dumbarton's Drums'] dates back to the time when Lord George Douglas, created Earl of Dumbarton in 1675, was Colonel, and The Royal Scots were known as Dumbarton's Regiment. Between the year 1678, when the regiment was finally recalled from the service of France to England, and the Revolution of 1688, an unknown author wrote a set of verses to the tune of the march, the first line of which was "Dumbarton's Drums beat bonnie O".

If we examine this statement from the historical, musical and military aspects, it is highly probable that a clearer view of the implications of Inglis's statement may emerge.

First of all, the words of 'Dumbarton's Drums' cannot be traced earlier than Allan Ramsay's 'Tea-Table Miscellany' (1724), as Mr. Inglis himself is compelled to admit. Yet he could also have confessed something more in that he could have made it quite clear that the words in the 'Miscellany' were actually contributed by one of Ramsay's own friends, an admission which would have prevented the unwary reader from assuming that Ramsay was reproducing an older Scots poem. We know that the words of 'Dumbarton's Drums' were contributed by a contemporary because it has the signature "C" attached to it, and

<sup>5</sup> Leask and McCance, *op cit.*, p. 714.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 713.

Ramsay explains in his Preface<sup>7</sup> what this and other signatures mean. He says that the "Old Songs" have the letter "Z" attached to them, and the "Old Songs with additions" have "Q", whilst those that were of unknown authorship were to be recognized by "X". As for the signature "C" and others, these, he says:

were done by some ingenious young Gentlemen, who were so well pleased with my Undertakings, that they generously lent me their assistance; and to them the powers of Sense and Musick are obliged for some of the best Songs in the Collection.

It is quite clear, therefore, that 'Dumbarton's Drums' does not belong to the years 1678-88 as Inglis would have us believe. Of course we have the 'Cuming MS.' in the National Library of Scotland, dated 1723 on the title-page, which contains the melody under this name; but we know that later additions were made to this manuscript. Further, the 'Atkinson MS.' at Newcastle, dated 1694-5, mentions 'Dunbartons [*sic*] March' in a list of music; but this is in a later hand.

The musical aspect of the question might not be so convenient an angle from which to direct one's view because of its technical nature, yet to the musician it is quite apparent that whatever melodic outline the author of the lines had in his mind's eye when setting the song, it was certainly not the contour of the air which accompanies these words in the earliest musical settings. If the reader is unable to verify this by reference to the early versions of the music in Alexander Stuart (c. 1726), Daniel Wright (1733) or William Thomson (1733), there is still Inglis's appendix to Sir Herbert Maxwell's 'Lowland Scots Regiments' (p. 332), wherein he can judge for himself the truth or otherwise of my statement, although he must be warned that the words and music given there are not "From *The Tea-Table Miscellany* . . . 1724", as stated by the author or editor, for the simple reason that there is no music in this first edition.

Even the military aspect of the question throws one or two points into such high relief that 'Dumbarton's Drums' as the regimental march of Dumbarton's Regiment is thrown into the shade. The Earl of Dumbarton, during whose colonelcy it is averred that the words were written, was a Jacobite and a Roman Catholic who esteemed it nobler to go into exile with his "lawful sovereign" James II than to retain command of the Royal Regiment in the service of the Prince of Orange. Assuming, for the sake of Inglis's argument, that 'Dumbarton's Drums' was already the march of the regiment, would the above circumstances lend themselves to the continuance of an air so reminiscent of the Jacobite colonel? Further, is it likely that this air would appeal so "Bonny O" to the ears of the Protestant Schomberg, who succeeded Dumbarton as colonel, especially after the Ipswich mutiny of the Royals?

(2) Inglis next quotes Allan Cunningham's opinion that 'Dumbarton's Drums' has "an air of martial delight about it", and adds this comment:

This characteristic points decidedly to its unknown author having been a soldier, probably serving at the time it was written in the regiment itself, and therefore acquainted with the music of *Dumbarton's Drums*.

The obvious corollary to this proposition is that all martial poems must have been written by soldiers, and that the incidence of a regimental reference being made in poems probably means that the author served in that particular regiment! Such an argument is absurd, since some scores of examples of martial music and verse by non-military men could

<sup>7</sup>. I quote from the 1729 (Dublin) edition, there being only one copy extant of the 1724 edition, and that is in the Henry Huntington Library, U.S.A.

be quoted. The contention of Mr. Inglis under this heading is quite worthless.

(3) Finally there is his reason for assuming the continuity or uninterrupted use of 'Dumbarton's Drums' since the days of the regiment's Jacobite colonel. Here is what he says:

As no reliable evidence has been discovered to indicate that The Royal Scots ever changed their Regimental March, there appears to be good reason for believing that *The Scots March* and *Dumbarton's Drums* may be one and the same thing.

This he emphasizes:

Apart from the great improbability of The Royal Scots discarding their old historic march in favour of a new one, except under compulsion, there are some facts that considerably strengthen the view that the old march has never been disused, and that the regiment still play it under its later name *Dumbarton's Drums*.

To meet these points one can only say that the *argumentum ex silentio* is a proverbially weak reed upon which to lean and that the implication would not be admitted by any serious researcher into regimental records. Indeed, one is constrained to ask where in the whole British Army, let alone the Royal Scots, has the regimental march of a particular regiment ever been mentioned in regimental records up to the beginning of the nineteenth century? Not even in the most complete records we have of regimental music, that of the Royal Artillery, is a regimental march mentioned by name until comparatively recent years.

As for the supposed "great improbability" of the Royal Scots changing an historic march, the history of this subject demonstrates, *per contra*, that it is a "great probability", and that this changing took place even in the Guards. Even until the nineteenth-century colonels were almost a law unto themselves in this matter, and there are many instances, although not recorded regimentally, of historic marches being dropped to make room for some quite ephemeral tune that had tickled the colonel's fancy. Indeed, it was not until the War Office order of 1882 was issued that any official move was made to stop this sort of thing, although here and there this very order unfortunately put an *imprimatur* on trash simply because it was, at that time, the recognized march of the particular regiment.

Nor was this power of the C.O. confined to these "tight little islands" of which Dibdin sang so martially, and I have no doubt that Mr. Inglis must have perused John Scott's versified 'Remembrancer' of the Scots Brigade in Holland (1701-11), where he tells of the reforming bouts of the Brigadier Douglas at Lille:<sup>8</sup>

And there the drummers he caused them beat,  
A new march and a taptue  
And to continue the same for to beat,  
By ordours he did them aloue.  
And to the drummers he did give comande,  
Again to *change* the taptue.  
And every day they were learning to playe,  
A deal of *new* beatings for shows.

Yet the most potent argument against Inglis's theory of the early origin of 'Dumbarton's Drums' as the regimental march of the Royal Scots and its unbroken continuity of usage as such is that it never appeared in print as a march until the nineteenth century, a point which was actually foreseen by Inglis. Among several hundreds of titles in my card index of printed British military marches from the mid-seventeenth century to

<sup>8</sup> Ferguson, 'The Scots Brigade in the Netherlands' (1899-1901), Vol. III, pp. 518-9.

the mid-nineteenth century, the name 'Dumbarton's Drums' does not once occur, nor does the melody appear under any other name as a march. Search in the late Frank Kidson's lengthy indices at the Mitchell Library, Glasgow, brings the same result. Yet at this period there are plenty of examples of marches used by other regiments, Scottish regiments especially, even by the Royal Scots; but we do not get the slightest glimpse of 'Dumbarton's Drums' either by title or tune. Even during the Napoleonic scare, when military marches were "the rage", and Scottish music publishers were vying with their English competitors in catering for patriotic customers, there is still no sign of 'Dumbartons' Drums' as a march. With such a famous regiment, how could this music have escaped publication at that time if it had existed as a march.

The views expressed by Mr. Inglis have had wide acceptance, as is evidenced by 'The Story of the Royal Scots' (1915) by Laurence Weaver and 'The Lowland Scots Regiments' (1918) by Sir Herbert Maxwell, both of which depend for their ultimate authority on 'The Regimental Records of the Royal Scots' (1915) by J. C. Leask and H. M. McCance, to which Inglis contributed an appendix on regimental music. These works reveal that their authors read Inglis's contribution just as uncritically as the latter himself marshalled and interpreted his material.

It so happens, however, that the matter does not end here—for this reason: we know that a piece of music known as 'The Scots March' or 'The Scotch March' was used in the seventeenth century, but we know nothing of its drum beats, as we do of 'The English March' of the same period, whose drum cadence has been preserved. Nor do we know what air or melody accompanied the fundamental drum beats, and it is because of this that Mr. Inglis made all this pother in an endeavour to link up 'The Scots March' with 'Dumbarton's Drums', and led his predecessor, Ferguson, to imagine that it was identical with 'The Lowlands of Holland' or some other tune.

Yet both these writers had a sure and certain guide before them in 'The Scots Marche' which occurs in the 'Elizabeth Rogers Virginal Book' of 1656, although Inglis half confessed that it "might well be the march Pepys heard in 1667". The title of this clearly notated march of 1656 is quite explicit, for it is called 'The Scots Marche' not 'A Scots Marche',<sup>9</sup> and it is of such that we read in history. It was 'The Scots March' that was played by the Scots Brigade in the Swedish service in 1631 at Leipzig and elsewhere, and it was 'The Scots March' which inspired the remnants of this gallant array at Landau in 1634, when it linked up with the Régiment d'Hébron and entered the French service. It was 'The Scottish March' that was sounding in Scotland in 1637-8 and 'The Scotch March' which Pepys heard in England, whilst Dingley observed it in Ireland in 1681. Finally, it was 'The Scots March' that the Scots Brigade in Holland were using in 1782. Not once do we read of 'A Scots March'.<sup>10</sup>

As I have said, we do not know for certain either the measure or melody of 'The Scots March' of which history speaks with such confidence; yet there is certainly greater justification in identifying both time and tune with 'The Scots Marche' in the 'Elizabeth Rogers Virginal Book' than in seeking its prototype among songs of a later date, especially 'Dumbarton's Drums' or 'The Lowlands of Holland'.

The measure and melody of the virginal piece which has come down

<sup>9</sup> Cf. this MS. (B.M. Add. 10837, fol. 32), where "A Scots tuen" is recorded.

<sup>10</sup> Cf. Playford, 'Musick's Hand-Maid' (1678).



to us from the year 1656 have, from every point of view, a prior claim to recognition. Even on Spenser's "mildness virginal" it stands out as a fine, stirring, martial strain, fully worthy of acceptance as the rightful march of the gallant Royal Scots of to-day, heirs to the glorious traditions of the Old Scots Brigade. Like others of the family, the rollicking 'Lashley's March' (c. 1640), the boisterous 'Lilliburlero' (c. 1688) and its cousin the 'James II March to Ireland' (c. 1688), it is indicative of the period, and must have cheered thousands of British soldiers in the days when "footslogging" was not so comfortable. All four marches are in 6-4 time, equating in mensural character with the modern 6-8 marches, but slower in pace. It engendered that swinging gait which became the feature of British military marches, and in the closing years of the eighteenth century, as admitted by Thouret, the historian of German royal music, it even became the model in Prussia, which was then beginning to fall back militarily, but was soon to show a renaissance. It is on this account that one fervently hopes 'The Scots Marche' of the Elizabeth Rogers Virginal Book may one day be adopted either by the Scots Guards or the Royal Scots as a regimental march.

## REVIEWS OF BOOKS

*Dvořák.* By Alec Robertson. (Master Musician Series.) pp. 234. (Dent, London, 1945.) 6s. 6d.

Mr. Robertson's book is designed on the lines usual with others of this series: approximately equal space for biography and for musical criticism, with appendices (chronology, catalogue of works, personalia and bibliography). Dvořák's life was unexciting, and Mr. Robertson naturally and rightly dwells mainly on the visits to England and the United States, drawing largely on letters which show in attractive fashion how this child of nature reacted to the larger world. Trouble has been taken over sources, and the story is told well. In the musical chapters, illustrated by nearly a hundred examples in music type, Mr. Robertson lays somewhat special stress upon the operas (all of them very unfamiliar in England); but hardly anything Dvořák wrote escapes his critical survey, and the judgments ask attention and usually command agreement. His favourite works seem to be the Op. 70 D minor Symphony ("undoubtedly his greatest work"), the 'Scherzo capriccioso' ("nowhere else is Dvořák so absolutely and defiantly himself as in this magnificent work"), the piano Quintet ("one of the most perfect chamber-music works in existence") and 'Songs my mother taught me' ("a perfect little work of art and a most moving one"). An excellent list: it is curious to reflect that for many years after their composer's death both the Symphony and the Scherzo were very little appreciated, or indeed known.

A few disconnected criticisms of details may perhaps be made.

It is the fashion of to-day for a critic to have an eye (rather than an ear) for thematic resemblances. And so we find Mr. Robertson forging very dubious links between the first movement of Dvořák's early D minor Symphony and the *Largo* of Beethoven's Op. 10 No. 3, or between its second movement and the overture to 'Tannhäuser', or between the different movements of the piano Quintet, and so on. No one, indeed, can avoid hearing an echo from the 'Tristan' love duet in the *Adagio* of the great D minor (not, of course, that it matters); but this particular appetite grows mightily by feeding, and it is wise to keep it on a starvation diet.

In a fairly long discussion of the 'Stabat Mater' Mr. Robertson omits to mention a difficult problem that confronts the producer of this beautiful work: the dreadful and dreadfully prominent false quantities—very odd slips for a Catholic who surely ought to have known his Latin. Whether or not a conductor would be justified in correcting (as can be done without seriously upsetting the music) is a moot point on which it would have been interesting to have Mr. Robertson's opinion.

Mr. Robertson's literary style is at times somewhat ultra-breezy: a discarded song "pops up" in 'Wanda' (p. 21) and we find references to "co-respondents in the 'Cav.' and 'Pag.' divorce case" (p. 130) and (p. 109) to "the G.O.M."—an odd nickname for Dvořák when a man of fifty-three. This kind of colloquialism runs easily from the pen; to the reader it is something of a hindrance. E. W.

*Schubert.* By Arthur Hutchings. (Master Musicians series.) pp. 233. (Dent, London, 1945.) 6s. 6d.

Apart from appendices, half this book is devoted to Schubert the man; and it is here that Mr. Hutchings seems most at home. He has worked hard at biographical details: he is interested in them and can present them in interesting fashion. The picture of "Biedermeier" Vienna, the middle-class world in which Schubert moved, is very much alive; and Schubert's friends, who stood for so much in his life, are all given personality. So, indeed, is Schubert himself; and on one matter Mr. Hutchings diverges from current opinion, but seems adequately to prove his case. Schubert, he argues, was not really the forlorn and neglected genius of popular legend: no doubt he did not understand how to drive bargains with publishers, but he never knew the poverty of, for example, Mozart, he was recognized as a great composer a long way beyond the circle of his friends, and at Beethoven's funeral he was given a ceremonial position of torchbearer side by side with the most distinguished artists in Vienna.

There is a welcome plenteousness of music-type examples (103 altogether) in the five chapters given to Schubert's works, about many of which Mr. Hutchings has interesting things to say. He has delved commendably into corners, and he deserves a couple of specially good marks for his insistence on two very great works—the unfinished piano solo Sonata in C and the song 'Auflösung'—both of which, occurring only in out-of-the-way volumes, have been badly neglected even by performers who think that they know their Schubert. By-the-by, on p. 113 Mr. Hutchings says that "the *Andante* of the A minor Quartet uses the familiar theme from the 'Rosamond' music which occurs later in the Op. 142 piano Impromptu" (he means the B flat Entracte and the B flat Impromptu); but the three melodies are noticeably different, in spite of their family

resemblance. Is not the whole explanation that the same germinal idea crossed Schubert's mind in 1823, 1824 and 1827, and that in the two latter years he forgot, or did not care, that it had occurred before and gone on differently?

Twenty useful pages give catalogues of the songs and their poets; but there has been some carelessness over song titles, where Mr. Hutchings hovers uncertainly between two languages. 'The Winter Journey' and 'Schwanengesang' are bracketed in a single sentence (p. 158); several songs are given different English names on different pages; it is only by reference to the index that we learn that Mayrhofer's 'Sunset' (p. 167) = 'Freiwilliges Versinken'; the four 'Refrain-Songs' to words by Seidl (p. 171) are identifiable only by altogether external knowledge. Attention is drawn to the great song to words by Schlegel depicting night in a forest, and the title is given as 'In the Forest' ('Im Walde'); this is, however, a totally different song—Mr. Hutchings means 'Waldesnacht'. And on p. 166 he speaks of Mayrhofer's 'The Fisher': 'Der Fischer' is a famous poem by Goethe, but no song on a poem by Mayrhofer has anything like this name.

Opinions about individual works by Schubert must of course differ, and Mr. Hutchings is in every way fully entitled to dislike the Polonaises. But when he alliteratively accuses them of being "pretty pedestrian" (p. 153), he almost inevitably invites the retort that his own literary style is sometimes pretty poor. There seems an element of perkiness in his sneers at Schumann ("dear Robert") and other admirers of the first movement of the B flat or the *Andante* of the G major Sonatas (p. 141-2); or in the ridiculous explosion about "a certain institution" and Brahms's F minor Sonata, with its "nice tubby Johanny-bits" (p. 144); or in the description of duet playing "with the right wife" (p. 152). Etc., etc. Mr. Hutchings has only himself to thank if such things remain in the reader's mind more vividly than many far better pages. E. W.

*Muzika Terminaro.* M. C. Butler kaj F. Merrick. pp. 35. (Internacia Esperanto-Ligo, Rickmansworth, Herts., 1944.) 9d.

Given the necessity for an international language (and of those who attend Big Three conferences probably only the highly paid interpreters would question that necessity) and if a made language such as Esperanto is more suitable than one of the languages of natural growth, then it is inevitable and right that handbooks in that artifact of tongues dealing with specialized subjects should be produced. This booklet is therefore a proper extension of the activities of esperantists. Western music already possesses an international language. In all countries where it is played, performers can understand what a composer's shorthand (it is little more than that) stands for in fairly broad application. *Allegro* carries its own meaning, at least as far as the point at which the performer translates it into the shade of meaning peculiar to his interpretative temperament. In such matters (speed, dynamics) there seems no need to produce another international language. Nor does this booklet attempt that: *allegro* and its congeners all remain untouched. But the full force of this artifact is brought to bear upon the rest of the nomenclature of music—the names of instruments, for instance. (And here it is surprising that the authors have missed their opportunity in at least one case, giving us an "Aldhobojo", which is acceptable enough, and then mothering us for ever by dragging in the absurdity of an "English Horn" in brackets.) If these Esperanto terms look ugly, that is no criticism of the system. They can become no less agreeable to us than are terms in German or to Germans our own curiosities of spelling and pronunciation. S. G.

*A Survey of Russian Music.* By M. D. Calvocoressi. (Pelican Series.) pp. 142. (Penguin Books, Harmondsworth, 1945.) 9d.

M. D. Calvocoressi's immense services to Russian music covered a period of nearly forty years, and one might reasonably expect this posthumous publication, issued primarily for the lay public, to be confined to a restatement of the main trends in Russian music of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Actually, though several chapters are devoted to such a restatement, the book also contains much valuable information not hitherto available to the English reader on the early history of music in Russia, as well as on the most recent developments in the Soviet Union and the work of Russian composers who emigrated to France and America. It is, in fact, the first history of Russian music to appear in English.

Calvocoressi was a bold champion of the causes in which he believed, but he was an explorer as well as a propagandist and had a far too genuine type of mind to be satisfied with a mere rehashing of ideas long ago tested and approved. In later years, however, he seems to have wavered in his critical approach: sometimes, as always when he wrote of Mussorgsky, his was the voice of the impassioned champion proclaiming his discoveries to the world with the zeal of a missionary, while at other times, as when he wrote of Tchaikovsky, he was content to remain aloof, carefully collecting and contrasting the opinions of others, which he then proceeded to summarize with an almost legal impartiality. The truth is that there were two sides to Calvocoressi's critical mind, of which he seems to have been well aware, though he may not always have seen clearly

how to co-ordinate them. In the preface to this Survey, which is based on the author's Cramb lectures, given at Glasgow University in 1935, Calvocoressi warns his readers that "this does not pretend to be an unprejudiced survey"; and as if to excuse a perfectly justified stand, he goes on:

All I can say is that I did not yield to my prejudices precipitately . . . I do not believe criticism can be objective, or even impartial . . . Analysis, of course, can be objective up to a point . . . In the lectures, which were for students, I strove to achieve a measure of objectivity by quoting and comparing conflicting judgments—notably on Tchaikovsky, Scriabin, Tanciev and Stravinsky, and on general questions such as the rights and wrongs of musical nationalism in its various aspects, of programme music, and so forth. But this procedure—the only sound one when education of the mind and taste is the object—would have made too heavy going in a book intended for the music-loving public, who require a modicum of advice, free from perturbing dilemmas. I found it advisable, however, to resort to it in certain difficult cases.

The difficult cases are just those where the author happens to be temperamentally out of harmony with his subject; and where a more forthright writer would have felt impelled to make a frontal attack Calvocoressi more modestly succeeds in showing his disdain by weighing the existing evidence with the coolest possible detachment.

It is modesty, too, that causes him to disclaim any credit for disseminating some most fascinating information from Findeisen's 'Précis of Russian Music until the End of the 18th Century' and Stolpiansky's 'Music in Old Petersburg'. Here we learn that in the sixteenth century an envoy from Queen Elizabeth, Sir Jerome Horsey, brought presents of organs and virginals to Tsar Feodor, son of Ivan the Terrible, and that in the eighteenth century an English opera company produced operas by Dibdin and Arne at Petersburg. Such early references to English music in Russia may have little more than a curiosity value, but they show how painstakingly the research has been done in what is, after all, a book of limited scope.

On the important controversial issues—and indeed the history of Russian music is itself a history of controversy—the main problem was to focus attention on the salient facts without giving the impression of discursiveness for its own sake. If Calvocoressi does not always succeed, perhaps the reason is that he is too enamoured of his subject. Often, as in the over-long discussions of Mussorgsky and Stravinsky, the uninitiate may feel needlessly diverted from the main stream of the narrative into tributaries which only specialists need explore. On the other hand, he establishes some valuable historical links, as when he shows that the Soviet compositions on patriotic themes had a precedent in the work of the early nineteenth-century composer Stepan Degtiarev, "one of the most active and gifted composers of that time", who conceived oratorios entitled 'The Liberation of Moscow' and 'Napoleon's Flight'.

The subject is vast—much vaster than one usually imagines. Many of us who believe to have a good working knowledge of Russian music will surely come across names and works in this survey of which the little we are told will excite a lively curiosity. There is George Catoire, for instance, "regarded in Russia as a link between the nineteenth-century nationalists and the tendencies that asserted themselves after 1918"; there is Nikolai Lodizhensky, "one of Balakirev's most gifted pupils, whose songs testify to a rare capacity for melodic and harmonic invention and to far-reaching poetic feeling"; and among the emigrés Obukhov, whom Ravel hailed as a genius, and the religious composers Nabokov and Lourié. On all such lesser-known figures the reader is given at any rate something informative and often a hint of an originally inspired character.

The excellent analysis of the complicated Soviet scene is especially valuable for its account of the various national schools that now seem to be flourishing throughout Russia. Calvocoressi has high praise for the indigenous music of the remoter states of the Soviet Union, particularly Uzbek and Turkmenian music, which, judging from his descriptions, may well provide a new stimulus to composers thwarted by social and political exigencies. Inevitably, after reading the long and varied story, one ponders on the future of Russian music; for there seems to be in the ceaseless activity of the moment a nostalgia not for the past, but for the future, a yearning for a new and vital music born not of the civilized concepts and traditions of our western art, but of a primitive, rough-hewn force—a force which triumphantly displayed itself in the music of Russia's Golden Age, and which one likes to think existed in the music of the early Slavonic tribes who played on flutes "made of the bones of eagles and kites".

E. L.

*St. Cecilia's Album: a Collection of Musical Album Leaves written by Great Composers since 1600.*

The Harrow Replicas, No. 7. Edited by Otto Erich Deutsch. pp. 52. (Heffer, Cambridge, 1945.) 21s.

What people write into other people's autograph books is usually nobody's business, and to publish it for the world at large would as a rule be more than futile. But musicians may be glad that Professor Deutsch made it his job to reassemble into a single book of facsimile print what some fifty composers, most of them great and all of them at least famous, have at various times written into as many different albums belonging to friends



or patrons now forgotten. To give the publication a shape and a purpose, the editor pretends that these scraps of musical manuscript were assembled by St. Cecilia herself in a book of her own, collected in her capacity of patron saint of music, not that of martyr, though he points out that she devoted herself to that art only "after she had suffered every other form of torture".

Not all the composers whose inscriptions one would like to see are present, and some who appear would not have been greatly missed. The entries are worth studying from various points of view, psychological, graphological, and so on. Mendelssohn, in seven bars of a study for violin or canon for violins dedicated to Joachim, shows himself as neat and tidy as one would expect; Berlioz's hand on the opposite page is very much more so than one would have thought possible. Here too, as elsewhere, one finds one composer going out of his way to invent a new thing specially for a friend, while another just jots down the most obvious theme of his that first comes into his head. Thus Berlioz offers the Hungarian March from 'The Damnation of Faust' and Elgar 'Land of Hope and Glory', and there is no need even to mention what Leoncavallo and Mascagni quote from. On the other hand Bach, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Weber and Cherubini go to the trouble of inventing canons—if it was a trouble to them—Haydn even one in elaborate *canerizans* which can be read upside down as well as right way up. And Reger discovers that 'The Last Rose of Summer', which he seems to have known only indirectly through Flotow's 'Martha', will go into a close four-part canon—just a bit of luck, of course, but it took a contrapuntist to see the chance.

These scraps of music do not often convey secret messages through their mere notes—there are no "B.A.C.H." and similar cryptograms—but it is amusing to find that although one composer signs himself fairly legibly "Giacomo Puccini", he says through his music "mi chiamano Mimi". Some puzzles arise from the handwriting, which makes one marvel in some cases at the powers of divination in music-engravers. Verdi's Aida theme can be deciphered, words and music, only if one happens to know it already. Hugo Wolf and Paul Dukas look very clear and turn out to be almost illegible; Brahms and Tchaikovsky seem untidy, but are found quite easily decipherable; Beethoven is perfectly legible for once.

The composers' choice is often revealing, too often almost absurdly obvious. Wagner's "etwas aus 'Tannhauser'" must needs be the pilgrims' chorus, and could one have expected anything from Gounod but "Anges purs, anges radieux!"? Some are content to choose just the opening bars of a work they particularly cherish, as Brahms very understandably must have cherished "Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer" and Bruckner, equally understandably from his Wagnerian point of view, the initial gesture of his eighth Symphony. Others make more specifically dedicatory contributions. Massenet, who might have been lamentably serious about one of his tawdry and lachrymose tunes, invents a special little joke: "Quel festival! quel festival! On en parlera dans le *Petit Journal*!", followed by "poème et musique de votre compositeur ordinaire, ravi, émerveillé, et bien affectionné". Debussy sets new words to his Verlaine song 'Mandoline' as a New Year's greeting for Madame Vasnier, with a tantalizing half-legibility, and he signs himself with his second Christian name, Achille, which he affected at first. The Handel contribution is particularly valuable—a little "Hunting Song" only recently discovered by Professor Deutsch and dedicated as follows by the composer to the author of the words: "Presented by Him in This his own hand Writing to Charles Legh Esqr in the Year 1751". Dowland, the first composer in the book and much the earliest, who characteristically signs himself "Dolande de Lachrimae, his own hande", is represented by a subject in D minor, superscribed "fuga" with something scratched out after it which rather looks as though it may have been "a 4". Here is a nice puzzle to begin with: the skilled reader may amuse himself with working out a four-part fugal solution of this clue.

Like all the Harrow Replicas so far, this is a beautiful production. The oblong format is just right for an autograph book and the rough hand-made paper gives it an appropriately haphazard appearance.

E. B.

*Ten Composers.* By Neville Cardus. pp. 166. (Cape, London, 1945.) 8s. 6d.

This is an entirely delightful book. And why? Because the author not only knows music, but likes music, and likes writing about it. So his essays have uncommon fineness of apprehension and a rare gift of style. It is quite extraordinary how many writers on music write not only without style, but without any discernible delight in music. Indeed, some of them write as if they positively hated the stuff. While the historians are trying to extend our range of understanding to earlier periods and remoter regions the critics are trying to narrow us into a pinfold of period or nationality. We are truculently forbidden to enjoy Beethoven, or Schumann, or Chopin, or Grieg, or Liszt, or Strauss, or Elgar, under pain of being denounced as Victorian. Pooh! I am a proud Victorian, not a callow hekto-Georgian, and I lived when there was grace in life. Mr. Cardus, in the present volume, does not conceal his contempt for the coteries and fashions and sophistries that turn music into a frowsy kind of party politics. Indeed, part of the charm of his book is that it has range.

His ten composers are Schubert, Wagner, Brahms, Mahler, Strauss, Franck, Debussy, Elgar, Delius and Sibelius. What, someone exclaims, A and B included, and Y and Z excluded! The answer is that an author has an unchallengeable right to choose his own subjects. If the reader does not like the fare he is at liberty to reject it: he is not at liberty to demand what is not offered.

The essays are so subtly coloured by the varied tints of their subjects that one can hardly be positive and say, This is the best. Of course that is true of music itself, and it is the silliest thing in the world to tie the manifestations of art down to propagandist preferences—to assert, for instance, that the songs of Wolf are greater than the songs of Schubert. They are not greater, they are more cerebral. In any case, why Wolf or Schubert? Why not Wolf and Schubert? Mr. Cardus quotes with proper disapproval Bernard Shaw's judgment that Schubert was lacking in "headwork". That is prophesying after the event. The proper answer is that Schubert was never lacking in "heartwork", as Shaw always is. Can anyone point to any composition by Schubert and say exactly where and how it would have been improved by those lessons in counterpoint which he never had? No; not even in the great C major, which is always nearly tumbling to pieces, and always saving itself by sheer lyricism. For, as Mr. Cardus says, as Liszt had said before him, Schubert is the lyric poet among musicians—the "vagrant composer", the first vagrant composer, coming from nowhere, and plucking his posies of flowers where he would.

After Schubert, Wagner, of whom Mr. Cardus writes with the enthusiasm that I should have shared, say, in 1898. Tovey several times vowed that he would write an essay on Wagner, not as a reformer or a revolutionist or a pamphleteer, but as a musician. He never did. Mr. Cardus has done it for him. He properly reminds us of the incomparable skill of the old wizard, who could break off in the middle of the 'Ring', compose a hothouse chromatic work like 'Tristan', follow it with a wholesome diatonic work like 'Meistersinger', and then pick up the 'Ring' again at the point where he had dropped it a dozen years before. This is sheer magic. What Mr. Cardus has to say about Wagner the musician is not to be denied; but he is silent about the uses to which that magical skill was put. In 'Parsifal' it serves to glorify the theatrical exposition of religiosity by a man who had no faith. In 'Tristan' it seeks to glorify eroticism and adultery, and, perhaps because the musician was greater than the man, it fails. In the celebrated love duet Wagner piles up all the traditional apparatus of adultery—the traitorous friend, the feigned absence of the husband, the warning torch, the watchful maid, the beckoning scarf, the secret meeting, the discovery, the assumed guilt of the lovers, the bloody combat and the mortal wound. Now turn to the book and read the scene. It is as sexless as a play by Bernard Shaw. A lady and a gentleman have been discussing Schopenhauer in a garden on a moonlight night. That is all; but the musician tries hard to say what the dramatist dared not. Mr. Cardus manfully attempts to defend Wagner against the charge of being the laureate of Nazidom and quotes the "Wahn" monologue to prove that Wagner's Nuremberg wasn't Hitler's. It is a good point, but not quite convincing. Wagner poured out lavishly the kind of pretentious humbug with which the Germans love to fuddle their minds, and he appealed to their destructive instincts by displays of secret weapons and magic forces. So, perhaps, it isn't possible to write an essay on Wagner as a musician. It is difficult to keep out the man and impossible to keep out the dramatist.

The essay on Brahms is a surprising exposition of the variety in a musician whom some are disposed to think monotonous. Brahms is, in fact, Mr. Cardus's ideal composer for a desert island. The criticism is thoroughly sound and not without humour. And hard upon Brahms comes Mahler, of whom Mr. Cardus writes eloquently. But his eloquence cannot alter the fact that we listen to Brahms and do not listen to Mahler. Recently Londoners had another chance of hearing 'Das Lied von der Erde'. They did not take it, and the performance attracted small attention. I feel an interest in Mahler, because in 1892 he conducted here the first 'Ring' performance I ever heard; but his music does not penetrate and possess me—no doubt because I haven't heard enough of it. But how can one hear what is not performed? Of course one could have travelled to Austria; but the obvious duty of Mahler's music was to travel from Austria. And that it would not do. Is it, perhaps, too bulky?

Mr. Cardus does what he can for Richard Strauss. I followed Strauss from 'Zarathustra' to the dreadful night when I saw 'The Legend of Joseph', the work of a man whose art and craft, whose tricks and manners, had utterly deserted him and left him naked with his banality, which was always there. To name his larger works is to recall vast compositions that will never again be played here. Like Wagner, Strauss is long-winded and verbose. 'Der Rosenkavalier' is at least twice as long as it should be, and even the short operas sound long. Perhaps cellists will give a kind of life to 'Don Quixote', which is not good music, but bad literature. And there are the songs.

César Franck gets the shortest essay and does not need a long one. It is good, but Mr. Cardus oddly makes him a twin soul with Bruckner and leaves them in Paradise together. Debussy gets as good an essay as will ever be written about him.

Elgar is a test subject, and, on the whole, Mr. Cardus comes out well. Elgar was

the last composer of our time to keep in touch with the musical public at large, and so he is despised by those who think it a mark of genius to attract the smallest body of listeners. But Elgar is a big man—let there be no mistake about that. Vulgar? Yes, sometimes; but who is the worse for a little wholesome English vulgarity? Never forget that Elgar is also exquisite, even frequently exquisite. Mr. Cardus says "I loathe the Kipling-cum-Joseph Chamberlain Imperialism which Elgar often seems to extol". Well, how "often", and where? There are musicians of to-day who profess to write Communist or Workers music. Why, then, should not someone write Imperial music? Really, Mr. Cardus should know better than to suppose that anyone can write political music of any kind. To identify all sonorous and stirring music with the kind of politics we dislike is absurd. What people really dislike is not Elgar's "Land of hope and glory" but A. C. Benson's "Land of hope and glory". The march tune really doesn't fit the words. Why Englishmen alone, of all people in the world, should be denied the right of saying that they love the land of their birth and nurture has never been made clear to me. Let us think more of the best in Elgar and less of the worst.

The essay on Delius follows that on Elgar and offers some engaging contrasts. Yet both Elgar and Delius were "sports". Though Elgar sometimes echoed what was in the air of the time he and Delius came from nowhere and left no descendants. Mr. Cardus pleads for more respectful recognition of Delius's formal qualities. That is a point worth considering by those who think of his music as nothing but a series of dreamy sensations with even the human voice dehumanized and converted into an abstraction.

The megalithic Sibelius closes the scene with music that is

Rolled round in earth's diurnal course  
With rocks and stones and trees.

In spite of his strange idiom Sibelius is really old-fashioned. A mere glance at a score shows that. A modern score looks like a problem in the higher mathematics: a Sibelius score has the solid pattern of the old forms. The astonishing fact is that, with those forms, he makes the kind of music that seems to belong to the paleolithic age. There is no trace of humanity as we know it. Even a legend like 'The Swan of Tuonela' seems as appropriate to the moon as to earth. Sibelius is certain to endure as a phenomenon even if he ceases to attract as music.

What is the general "pattern" of this book—to use a slang word of the moment? One is tempted to say that we are all pattern-mad and that the book is the better for having none. Actually it is the pattern of Mr. Cardus's mind, and as that is a mind of high distinction we are freed from any effort to run after the current labels. Mr. Cardus must not expect his book to be greatly liked by his junior critics, to whom he is not always respectful. Besides, he writes too well. I, being his senior, can tell him that he must not let his printer call the hero of the 'Flute' Pamina and that in one place the word "harmonies" appears where I feel sure "harmonics" was intended. Presuming on seniority I can also tell him that he has added to the books on music a most delightful volume, good as criticism and good as literature.

G. S.

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## CORRESPONDENCE

### THE THEORETICIAN

*To the Editor of 'Music & Letters'*

SIR,—In your April issue Mr. Ll. S. Lloyd deals faithfully with the preposterously artificial system of "duodenes", "trines", "heptads", "decads", etc. of the great A. J. Ellis, D.Sc., F.R.S. (1814-90) who, as the late A. J. Hipkins's article in Grove reminds us, was accustomed to determine "in terms of hundredths of an equal semitone" pitches of notes produced by various instruments, his great collection of "tuning forks and measuring rods" being now preserved at the Royal Institution.

Has sufficient attention ever been given to the following quiet footnote by Hipkins's daughter, Miss Edith Hipkins, in the later editions of Grove? "Ellis's exhaustive experiments were made entirely by calculation, as he was tone-deaf and unable to distinguish one tone or tune from another. Hipkins tested each experiment by ear."

Does the history of science record another example of diligent theorizing upon the nature of phenomena from the personal experience of which the theoretician was himself entirely shut out? What can have interested Ellis in such a subject? How came his brother-scientists and the learned musicians of his day to take him seriously—as they certainly did? As well might we expect to find a blind scientist experimenting in and theorizing upon colour nuances and in so doing winning the respect of his colleagues in the learned world.

Here is, indeed, a mystery! Is there any explanation?

Oxford,

Yours faithfully,

April 12th 1945.

PERCY A. SCHOLDS.

P.S.—I think I can go one better than Dr. Scholes. I read in Thompson's 'International Cyclopedia of Music and Musicians' about the French physicist Joseph Sauveur (1653-1716) that "he was the first to apply the term 'acoustics' to the science of sounds. He was a deaf-mute from birth."—ED.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

*Conducting Without Fears: a Helpful Handbook for the Beginner. Part II. Choral and Orchestral Conducting.* By Joseph Lewis. pp. 76. (Ascherberg, Hopwood & Crew, London, 1945.) 5s.

*Jean Sibelius: a Story of a Long Friendship.* By Rosa Newmarch. Edited by Sir Granville Bantock. pp. 99. (Goodwin & Tabb, London, 1945.)

*Music Master of the Middle West: the Story of F. Melius Christiansen and the St. Olaf Choir.* By Leola Nelson Bergmann. pp. 230. (University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis; Oxford University Press, 1945.) 15s. 6d.

*Opera in a Nutshell.* By Inglis Gundry. (Hinrichsen's Miniature Surveys.) pp. 32. (Hinrichsen, London, 1945.) 1s. 6d.

*The Singing of John Braham.* By John Mewburn Levien. pp. 40. (Novello, London, 1945.) 7s. 6d.



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# SCHUBERT

By A. J. B. Hutchings

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By Alec Robertson

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CONTENTS:

APRIL 1945

TRIBUTES TO CARL ENGEL

MUSIC FOR THE ARMED SERVICES

LOOKING FORWARD

WILHELM GERICKE: A CENTENNIAL RETROSPECT

JUAN NAVARRO *Hispalensis* AND JUAN NAVARRO *Gaditanus*

GOUNOD AND HIS FIRST INTERPRETER, PAULINE VIARDOT—PART I

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS OF THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC:

A SURVEY—PART II

THE FUNCTIONS OF CONFLICTING SIGNATURES IN

EARLY POLYPHONIC MUSIC

REVIEW OF BOOKS

ALFRED EINSTEIN: *Mozart—His Character, His Work*

*Papers Read at the International Congress of Musicology*

*Held at New York, September 11th to 16th, 1939*

Manfred Bukofzer: "*Sumer is Icomen In*":

*A Revision*

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